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Bellefonte Republican.

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VOL. XXIII BELLEFONTE, PA., THURSDAY MORNING. JUNE 2, 1892. NO. 22

Republican State Ticket

JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT,
JOHN DEAN. (of Blair.)

CONGRESSMEN-AT-LARGE,
ALEXANDER McDOWELL,
of Mercer,
WILLIAM LILLY, (of Carbon.)

ELECTORS-AT-LARGE.
WILLIAM WOOD, (of Philadelphia.)
B. F. JONES, (of Allegheny.)
J. FRANCIS DUNLAP, (of Lancaster.)
WILLIAM H. SAWYER, (of Delaware.)

DELEGATES-AT-LARGE TO THE NATIONAL CONVENTION,
HAMILTON DISSTON, } Philadelphia
WILLIAM L. ELKINS. }
HARRY W. OLIVER, } Allegheny.
WILLIAM FLINN, }
H. CLAY McCORMICK, (of Lycoming.)
LYMAN D. GILBERT, (of Dauphin.)
FRANK REEDER, (of Northampton.)
S. A. DAVENPORT, (of Erie.)

KENTUCKY is for CARLISLE for President in dead earnest, and Kentucky never takes water under any circumstances.

IT will be a cold day when Mr. Cleveland withdraws from the Presidential nomination contest, and we don't have much cold weather after the first of June.

THE Democrats have a choice line of rainbow candidates for President, including Boise, Palmer, Fuller, Morrison, Campbell, Brice, Pattison and Russell.

SENATOR HILL has found out that it takes something more than a declaration that "I am a Democrat" to make a man President of the United States or even the candidate of his party for that office.

THE Republican national convention is going to nominate the strongest and best candidate, after careful review and consideration of all the conditions up to the period of its assembling. It will be perfectly free to do that, thanks to the wisdom of the masses of the party who have chosen the delegates.

THERE are beginning to be heard growls of discontent among the moss-back Democrats over the chatter for "some good Western man." "What good Western man can you show? is the query. "Campbell or Boies or Palmer, or some other second-hand Republican, will not suit the Democrats of the South."

LORD SALISBURY's spectacular flop from free trade to protection would cost him 99 per cent. of the Mugwump vote if he were running for Congress in any American district. An anti-free trader who claims to be a Mugwump is an impostor. He is a bogus Mugwmp and you can't find the strawberry mark on his arm.

HOLMAN's Congress has already appropriated $23,406,169,03 more than did the "Billion-Dollar Congress" at its first session. This is not because Uncle Holman has been extravagant (except as to appropriations in his own congressional district), but because the constantly expanding needs of this great people demand the increase.

OF course the Democracy was on the wrong side of the question of appropriating money enough to continue the construction of the American navy. There hasn't been a great broad national question in the last thirty years on which the poor old ignorant, obstinate organization hasn't been squarely wrong, It's too aged and decrepit to reform.

Uncle Holman saved the United States Government $600 a few days ago. There was a resolution brought in to pay the funeral expenses of a man who had been in the employ of the folding-room of the House for twenty-five years, and to pay his widow six months' extra salary. This has been the custom of the House from time immemorial. Holman opposed the bill. It was touching to see the zeal and activity displayed by the good old man in snatching that $600 from the greedy hands of the grasping widow. He succeeded, and the bill was killed.

THE question raised by the Democratic House is not whether men who served in the Indian wars and afterwards in the Confederate army shall be barred by the latter service from any pension for the former. The Democratic House insisted on pensioning the survivors of the southern Indian wars while leaving out those in the northwest. It may be, of course, that the demands of economy press hard on the Democrats, and they do not feel able to pension northern as well as southern Indian fighters, but it looks mightily as though they had arranged their bill to pension such frontiersmen as afterwards acquired a Confederate record while leaving out those who fought on the Union side.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTOM, MAY 31, '92.

"Secretary Blaine," said a gentleman who had just spent an hour with Mr. Blaine, "will write no more letters concerning the nomination. His letter to chairman Clarkson last February, represents his feelings at this moment just as well as when it was written. He does not wish the nomination; but if it comes to him anyway it will be a party demand for his services that so good a party man as he cannot ignore or decline."

The availibility of Senator Allison as a Presidential candidate, in certain contingencies, is being very much discussed, just now, and no republican has yet been found who does not consider Allison a certain winner.

Once more the band of scarred G. A. R. veterans, a few less in numbers, a little more grizzled, walking a little slower than last Memorial Day, have paid the graves of their dead comrades a loving visit. The formal exercises at Arlington were presided over by Department Commander A. F. Dinsmore, the music being furnished by the U. S. Marine band and the Mozart club. At Soldiers Home senior vice Department Commander John McElroy, presided and the third artillery band and Mozart club provided the music. At Congressional cemetery junior vice Department Commander Bickford was in charge, the music being furnished by the Soldiers Home band and Farragut Octet. The orators were, at Arlington, General D. H. Hastings, of Pennsylvania; at Soldiers Home Gen. Cyrus Bussey, assistant secretary of the Interrior, and at Congressional cemetery, Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire.

The President is expected to return from Rochester, sometime to-morrow, and he will not probably leave Washington again until after the Minneapolis convention is held. He will not, it is said, make any declaration whatever concerning his candidacy, believing that the convention should be unhampered in its selection of a candidate.

Representative Hatch came up smiling after his first round with the House. He did not succeed in setting aside the decision of the democratic caucus to abandon the anti-option bill, but he came within one vote of doing so, and is confident that he will be an easy winner in the next round which he will fight at the first favorable opportunity. But getting the House to vote to take up the anti-option bill and getting a vote on that bill are two very different things. The opposition to the bill control a sufficient number of votes to prolong the contest indefinitely, if they choose to resort to obstructive tactics, and it is almost certain that they will so choose should Mr. Hatch succeed in his attempt to get the bill before the House.

It is a source of much amusement to the Senators to note the offorts of their colleagues and would be democratic candidates, Messrs. Hill and Gorman, to dodge a vote on the silver question. They have both succeeded so far, and it is not expected that they will either of them get caught when Senator Stewart's free coinage bill which is to come up this week as the "unfinished business" of Senate, comes to a final vote, if it ever does.

The bill which has been favorably reported to the House making the annual salaries of letter carriers $1.200 for their fourth year of service and therefore, ought to be put through without opposition as it would be but an act of tardy justice to a large class of the most faithful, and the most poorly paid Government employees.

The House committee has completed the Agricultural appropriation bill and to the horror of brother Holman it exceeds the total of last year's bill by more than a half million dollars. This is rough on Holman who has not yet recovered from the chargrin he experienced when the House refused by a decisive vote to support him in striking out the appropriation for a U. S. Mint building at Philadelphia.

A few fool-friends of the President and of Secretary Blaine have allowed themselves to get caught in the democratic trap, set for the special purpose of trying to engender personal ill-will between these two eminent republicans and their immediate and personal friends, and are saying things for publication that they will be deeply regretting by and by. No republican who has the good of his party at heart will engage in such silly business. The services rendered the republican party and the country by Benjamin Harrison and James G. Blaine have been numerous enough and important enough to raise the hat of every republican when either is mentioned.

Senator Stewart's bill for the free coinage of silver will be taken up in the Senate to-morrow. Opinion is very much divided as to how long it will be discussed and what will be the result of the discussion. If it is voted upon the chances favor its passage by a very narrow majority, but if its opponents desire to postpone indefinitely the taking of a vote it will not be difficult, under the Senate rules, to do so.

It is thought that ex-Speaker Reed will be temporary chairman of the Minneapolis convention, and believed that ex-Senator Ingalls chances for being elected permanent chairman are excellent.

THE REPUBLICAN CHOICE.

Whatever difference of opinion may at present exist as to the nominee of the Republican party for the Presidency, it should not be forgotten that the decision rests with the delegates to the Minneapolis convention, and that in their decision the party will harmoniously and cordially acquiesce. The choice of the convention will be the voice of the party, and previous criticisms and differences will be ignored in the resolute determination to achieve success. If President Harrison should be nominated, all will be for Harrison, with loyal zeal and unanimity. If Blaine should be the choice, the Republican Henry of Navarre will find every man of the party following the white plume to victory, and the same host would march after John Sherman, should he be the nominee, as faithfully as the army marched under his brother, Tecumseh. And any other Republican leader who may be the choice of the party, through the delegates appointed to declare the will of those who elected them, may depend upon a support as earnest, as united, as aggressive and as irresistible as ever given to a Republican candidate since the election of the first Republican President.

Until the Minneapolis convention shall give its decision it is not only the privilege but the right of every Republican to express his mind freely as to the merits and deserts of the various candidates. Frank and honest criticism should never be discouraged among Republicans, and is a healthy preparation for a great political campaign.

EUROPEAN MARKETS THROWN OPEN.

The American farmer has reason to be grateful to the present Administration. Shortly after the inauguration of President Harrison the President and Secretary Blaine began a well planned and systematic effort to remove the unjust prohibitions imposed by various Continental governments against the importation of American pork. Their endeavors, aided by the passage of the Meat Inspection law, have been completely successful, Germany was the first European power to repeal the prohibition; and in less than nine months France, Austria, Denmark, Italy and Spain have followed her example. American pork can now be sold in Europe on the same terms as the pork of other nations. The markets thus thrown open to the farmers of the United States are worth not less than $30,000,000 a year.

A QUEER CASE.

Three fifteen-year old patent applications of Thomas A. Edison for telephone transmitters went to issue last week, after such long delay that the English patents, applied for after the American, had been examined, granted, gone to issue, run their term of 14 years, and expired before the America patents were issued. It is a nice legal question whether these patents had not expired by limitation of law before they were issued. The courts will probably so hold. There is not so much ground for suspecting intentional and fraudulent delay in the interference proceedings as there was with the Berliner patent, issued some months since, but we concur with the *Engineering News* in their opinion that such decisions are a great reproach to our patent practice and to the state of the law.

A BOOMING TOWN AND PAPER.

We have received a copy of the Jeannette *Daily Dispatch*, published at Jeannette, Pa. It contains 12 pages and is an immense sheet. In it are discribed the business and business growth of this thriving town where only a few years ago there was almost a barren waste. A city grown in a day, as it were. We have not the space to go into details as to what is contained in this issue of the *Dispatch*, but it shows that it is conducted among a live and business like community. At the head of its columns we find this motto which if its principle actuates her people will account in a great measure for their prosperity.

"Keep pushing, 'tis wiser than setting aside
And sighing and watching and waiting the tide,
In life's battle they only prevail
Who daily march forward and NEVER say fail."

—The Bellefonte club wasn't in it in the initial game played with Philipsburg on Monday.

SALE OF NEGRO LABOR.

COLORED MEN AND WOMEN PUT ON THE AUCTION BLOCK SOLD IN AND MISSOURI IN THIS YEAR OF GRACE AS BEFORE THE WAR.

How an Infamous Southern Vagrant Law is Enforced—Black Men Practically Made Slaves While White Loafers Go Free—How Labor is Kept Cheap, Servile and Helpless—"Why We Laugh"—"Niggers Cheaper Than Ever."

The following appeared recently in the dispatches of the Associated Press:

FAYETTE, Mo., April 2.—This town is again on the verge of a race war because of a vagrant sale of negroes which took place here yesterday. About a month ago a good deal of excitement was caused by the sale of three vagrant negroes. Yesterday the feeling was intensified by the public sale on the block of three men and one woman because they could offer no visible means of support. Hy Thompson, William Miller and John Wilkins were the men.

All are healthy negroes, who were never before arrested on any charge. The woman was a good-looking mulatto, Mary Whiteside. She was accused of vagrancy. The colored people were brought into the public square at 11 o'clock, and a great crowd of both colors gathered. The whites made fun of the poor victims and the blacks freely expressed their displeasure at the scene that so cruelly brought to their minds the days of actual slavery.

The woman was put up first. She brought $10 for the sixty day's work that the country fined her. The men sold for $10, $12, and $13, respectively, being taken by reliable farmers hereabouts. The woman will work in a good family in town. Negroes declare that this must stop or that the whites must be sold with the negroes. The sale took place on a block, Sheriff Crygier officiating.

The law under which black labor is [illegible] and sold in Missouri does not provide openly and honestly that it shall apply only to colored people. If that were the case the infamous statue could be taken speedily into the courts, and carried up on appeal to the Supreme Court at Washington, where it would be at once set aside, not merely as a barbarous outrage on justice, but as a confessed, unmistakable violation of the Constitution of the United States. If the outrages inflicted on labor in Missouri and other Democratic States were perpetrated openly and above board, and in pursuance of honestly framed statutes redress could be certainly had under the laws and Constitution of the United States.

Unfortunately, however, the labor-sale laws of the South do not declare now as in times past that they are intended only for "blacks and mulattoes." In order to evade and avoid the corrective power of the Federal courts these laws now apply in terms to both races, while they are enforced against one only. With like cunning the suffrage laws of the South have been framed so as in their actual operation to disfranchise the blacks, although in appearance they give equal rights to both races. By means of such trickery, and under cover of vagrant laws the plantation negroes are held in virtual slavery, and the Federal authorities are powerless to interfere.

"All are healthy negroes never before arrested on any charge." Yet these colored people, guiltness of crime and never having been charged with wrong-doing, were put on the auction block and their labor was sold (as the infamous Missouri law provides) "at the court-house door to the highest bidder for cash in hand." To complete the outrage, the Missouri vagrant law provides that "the money arising from the hire of any vagrant shall be applied to the payment of his debts." This is the part and parcel of the legislation which makes it practically impossible for Southern black labor to get itself out of the bondage of debt or the bondage of law.

All that the old slaveholders claimed was just this same right to buy and sell labor. In the celebrated pro-slavery work "Cotton is King," published before the war, Christy said:

> The person of the slave is not property, no matter what the fictions of the law may say; but the right to his labor is property.

The Missouri vagrant law practically reestablishes such slavery as that, and makes black labor property to be bought and sold. The harm done the State of Missouri by such Democratic outrages on labor is incalculable, and ought to bring about the speedy overthrow of the Democratic party in that State. Missouri is too far north and, its opportunities are too great for it to continue to be ruled by the cheap labor traditions of slavery. These auction block exhibitions ought to arouse the progressive, intelligent, liberty-loving, labor-respecting people of Missouri to make a greater effort than ever before to overthrow the Bourbonism which has so fearfully afflicted that Commonwealth.

THE MCKINLEY LAW SUSTAINED ITSELF.

The total value of imports of tin plate to this country fell from $20,906,663 to $7,306,010 for the nine months of the fiscal year ending March 31, 1892, as compared with the corresponding months prior to that date in 1891. There is a strong argument in these figures against repealing the tin plate duty. The idea that there is any less consumption of tin plate now than during 1890-91 is untenable. It is certain that the output of American tin plate factories is beginning to have an appreciable effect in supplying the market.

It is highly noteworthy as an evidence that the McKinley law is keeping the home market for home manufactures and workingmen that the total value of all dutiable articles imported for the nine months above noted was only $280,691,725, as against $383,781,605, for the nine months prior to March 31, 1891. Among the more important declines were those in woolen goods from $35,417,944 to $29,456,267; in silk goods from $31,387,771 to $24,862, 673; in iron and steel from $34,802,652, to $19,649,288; in cotton goods from $25,181,673 to $22,769,185; and in chemicals from $12,035,123 to $10,727.307. These figures are ample evidence that the McKinley tariff is working practically and clearly to the benefit of home industry.

Probably no feature of the quarterly statistics so clearly demonstrates this conclusion as those on wool and woolen goods. While the imports on woolens were diminished by about $6,000,000, as shown above, the imports of wool increased from $13,730,535 to $14,792,997, proving that there is an unusually active condition among the woolen manufactories. The McKinley law itself affords the best evidence that it is to the interest of the whole country.

BARBARISM IN THE SOUTH.

The answer made by the Southern people to the charge of barbarity and lack of respect for their own laws, as shown in the lynching and torture of colored men accused of crimes but not convicted, is that the colored man is, owing to his nature and training, or lack of training, incapable of being held to good behavior except by the cruel and barbarous methods illustrated in frequent dispatches from various parts of the South.

Unfortunately for this argument, the colored people are not the only victims of Southern barbarity. The lynching of Italians in New Orleans is within the recollection of all, and now the wires bring from Florida news of the horrible treatment of a white man, presumably an American, suspected of having taken part in the robbery of an express car and the murder of an express messenger. The suspected person, it appears, was tortured with fire and other means until he confessed his share in the crime. The man may be innocent, and a confession obtained under such circumstances would be worthless in any court of law. But whether innocent or guilty the action of his torturers was infamous.

It is clear that the chief trouble in the South is not the alleged lawless disposition of the colored man, but the lack of confidence in and respect for the laws on the part of the dominant whites, who not only make the laws, but elect the officers to enforce them.

"A YARD OF PANSIES.

Now is your chance! "A Yard of Pansies," an exquisite oil-picture, a companion to "A Yard of Roses," which has been so universally admired, is given of regardless cost, as a souvenir with every copy DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for June. "A Yard of Pansies" was painted by the same noted artist, V. Janus, who painted the "Roses," but competent art-critics prouounce the "Pansies" to be superior to the "Roses." "A Yard of Pansies" was painted to order at a cost of $300, and the reproduction, which is given with each Magazine, is in every respect equal to the original. And this is only one of the many notable features that make the June number the best one ever issued. Then there are excellent stories, every department is overflowing with good things, and there are about 250 illustrations, including a full page portrait of the publisher. And this June number costs only the usual price, 20 cents. The subscription price is $2 a year. Published by W. JENNINGS DEMOREST, 15 East 14th St., New York.

In the most benighted sections of Democratic Missouri, where negroes are still sold on the auction block as vagrants, the majorities in favor of free trade are tremendous. As might be expected, the free trade idea of labor is the popular one in such localities.

THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

FOR 1892—CUT OUT THIS LIST FOR REFERENCE.

The electoral college this year has a membership of 444, making 223 votes necessary for election. The votes by states will be:

	1892	1888.
Alabama	11	10
Arkansas	8	7
California	9	8
Colorado	4	3
Connecticut	6	6
Delaware	3	3
Florida	4	4
Georgia	13	12
Idaho	3	
Illinois	24	22
Indiana	15	15
Iowa	13	13
Kansas	10	9
Keutucky	13	13
Louisiana	8	8
Maine	6	6
Maryland	8	8
Massachusetts	15	14
Michigan	14	13
Minnesota	9	7
Mississippi	9	9
Missouri	17	16
Montana	3	
Nebraska	8	5
Nevada	3	3
New Hampshire	4	4
New Jersey	10	9
New York	36	36
North Carolina	11	11
North Dakota	3	
Ohio	23	23
Oregon	4	3
Pennsylvania	32	30
Rhode Island	4	4
South Carolina	9	9
South Dakota	4	
Tennessee	12	12
Texas	15	13
Vermont	4	4
Virginia	12	12
Washington	4	
West Virginia	6	6
Wisconsin	12	11
Wy oming	3	
Total	444	401

INSTRUCTIONS HOW TO VOTE UNDER THE BALLOT LAW.

As we announced two weeks ago the Pittsburg *Times* sent two men to Bellefonte to instruct all who desired to learn, how to vote under the new Baker ballot law Mr. I. M. T. Dennison, of Pittsburg, and Henry Hall, of Washington, D. C., are the men sent out by the *Times* to instruct the people all over the state in the new system of voting. Last Friday these gentlemen came to Bellefonte, the booths were set up, a ballot box put in place and C. T. Gramley, of Rebersburg, selected to act as judge; Thomas Mitchel, of Bellefonte, as ballot check clerk; Mr. Hall, of Washington, D. C., as ballot clerk, John Kline, Esq., of Bellefonte, as ballot canceling clerk. and Mr. Dennison, of Pittsburg, as ballot box inspector. There were many persons here from all over the county and many questions were asked and cheerfully answered by the gentlemen in charge. The voters ware handed a large ballot on entering, on which were printed the republican, democratic and prohibition tickets, and one row of blank places for the independent voter. The voter gives name to the ballot check clerk who recorded it in a book with a number; the voter then went into a booth, prepared his ballot and coming out handed it to the ballot clerk who asked his name and the ballot check clerk called out his number which was then written on the ballot and the ballot deposited in the box and the ballot cancelling clerk recorded his name and number in another book. If the ballot was wrong they gave the voter another, instructing him wherein it was wrong and allowed him to try again. Of course there was much discussion about the law, some thinking it a good law and some condemning it. Many who thought they knew it all and refused instruction made up their tickets wrong. There is no doubt, however, that before election time comes everyone will become so well acquainted with the subject, that the voters will be able to vote so that their ballots will be counted. It is not likely that many mistakes will be made.

CHEERFULNESS AND MOROSENESS

If we are cheerful and contented, all nature smiles with us; the air seems more balmy, the sky more clear, the ground has a brighter green, the trees have a richer foilage, the flowers a more fragrant smell, the birds sing more sweetly, and the sun, moon and stars all appear more beautiful. We take our food with relish, and whatever it may be it pleases us. We feel better for it stronger and livelier, and fit for exertion. Now, what happens to us if we are ill-tempered and discontented? Why there is not anything which can please us. We quarrel with our food, with our dress, with our amusements, with our companions, and with ourselves.

Nothing comes right for us. We move about like some evil spirit, neither loving nor beloved by anything.

—P. B. Crider & Son, whose office was destroyed by the late fire have removed to Crider's Exchange in room lately occupied by J. C. Harper.

OLIVE

A Life of Earnest Duty and Patient Endurance:

By SARAH DOUDNEY

In London Sunday Magazine

Olive smiled, well pleased with such simple praise. She was happy this evening; the light wind ruffled her thick hair and blew it into little curls and rings about her temples; her eyes were full of sunshine. The letter which had come that morning from Michael had made her very glad, and already she had forgotten the words that Peggy had spoken a few minutes ago.

"The kingcups will be out soon," she said. "Lucy tells me that she has made lovely sprays of them for the ladies in town, and yet who thinks of them here? Only the children, who gather them by handfuls and throw them away. They last a long time with their thick stems and shiny yellow flowers."

"Your heart is in London, Olive," Jane remarked, keeping back a sigh.

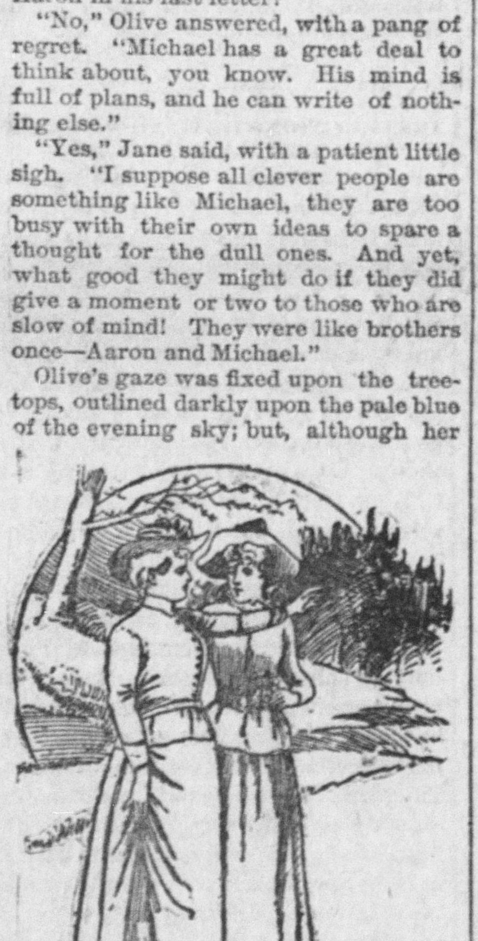
"And yours too," Olive answered, hanging her wreath on a bush, and beginning to walk towards the garden gate. Jane followed, and they crossed the road, and stood looking across the field to the low hills. A fresh odor came from the damp grass, and from those white violets which grow profusely under the hedgerows in spring; and above the slopes drifted one or two fleecy clouds, touched with the first gold of the sunset. The undulating downs, with their soft curves rising gently against the sky, are the chief charm of Hampshire. In this quiet country, haunted by the tinkle of sheep-bells and the bleating of flocks, there is no sternness, no rugged grandeur; it is a pleasant dreamy land of pastoral delights, where one half expects to meet Corydon and Phyllis, he with his oaten pipe, she with her "belt of straw and ivy buds," just as they used to be when the world and love were young.

"Olive," said Jane, resting her arm on the gate, and speaking in a low voice, "did Michael say anything about Aaron in his last letter?"

"No," Olive answered, with a pang of regret. "Michael has a great deal to think about, you know. His mind is full of plans, and he can write of nothing else."

"Yes," Jane said, with a patient little sigh. "I suppose all clever people are something like Michael, they are too busy with their own ideas to spare a thought for the dull ones. And yet, what good they might do if they did give a moment or two to those who are slow of mind! They were like brothers once—Aaron and Michael."

Olive's gaze was fixed upon the tree-tops, outlined darkly upon the pale blue of the evening sky; but, although her face was calm, the pain at her heart was sharper than ever. She would have given anything that she possessed if she could have truthfully contradicted Jane. Hers was a nature in which truth had taken such a deep root that it could never be up-torn. It was always there, the strong consciousness of right, the sweet, stern sense of justice and faithfulness.



OLIVE'S GAZE WAS FIXED UPON THE TREE TOPS.

"Have you heard from Aaron lately?" she asked, after a pause.

"I had a letter this morning," Jane answered, still with the patient sadness in her voice. "It is a strange letter. It makes me feel as if he were a prisoner in Doubting castle. You remember reading to us about Giant Despair, Olive? Well, it seems that the giant has got poor Aaron into his power, and I am afraid he will make an end of him."

"Don't talk so, dear Jane." Olive put her arm round the girl's shoulders, and spoke with quick sympathy. "Men have their dark moods, and come out of them."

"Aaron never was quite as other men are," said Jane, sorrowfully. "He was always more desponding than others—always believing himself an ill-starred creature. No one ever had such a strong influence over him as Michael had. Michael could make him hopeful and cheerful; he looked up to Michael as a hero—you know it, Olive, and now—"

Jane was a quiet woman, and she took her trouble in a quiet fashion. Tears stole down her cheeks, but there was no sob, no passionate cry of distress. Olive, weeping too, drew closer, and comforted her as a sister.

"I don't want to say anything hard about Michael," said Jane, drying her eyes, and returning Olive's kiss. "But I wish, oh, how I wish that he would be as friendly with Aaron as he used to be! Just a cheering word now and then, or a few minutes' talk about old times, would set Aaron up and lift him out of himself. You know he has almost worshiped Michael all his life, and he thought that when his old friend came to Battersby's works he would be lonely and home-sick no more."

What could Olive say? She still kept her arm round Jane, and puzzled her brain to find comforting words.

"Dear Jane, Michael is always preoccupied," she said at last. "I wish it were not so, but I cannot change him. Perhaps, by and by, when he has won all that he is striving for, he will have thoughts to spare for old friends, and will be his old self again."

"But if he ever does become his old self again he will look round in vain for old friends," Jane answered. "They can't wait, you see, till he has time to spare. But, Olive, I am afraid that Michael dislikes having Aaron near him. Only Aaron knows anything of Michael's early days, and men who want to rise very high sometimes hate those who remind them of their low beginnings."

Olive flushed deeply.

"Aaron should not encourage such fancies," she said, "and I have often heard our old vicar say that people are hard on the man who rises. They always suspect him of looking down on old associates; they take his pride for granted, and never give him the benefit of a doubt."

"I only hope that Aaron is mistaken," Jane replied, meekly. "I have always admired Michael very much, and I want to believe in him for your sake."

"Then do believe in him, dear," entreated Olive, "and try to bring Aaron into a brighter mood. Ah, if we had him here we would soon dispel his doubts and fears! What a gloomy creature a man is when he is away from a woman's influence."

Jane smiled, somewhat comforted, and the sweet evening wind kissed the two faces, as it came blowing freshly across the downs. The air seemed full of the breath of wild flowers; there were hope and peace and quiet gladness in this remote world of low hills and green meadows and violets. The girls lingered at the gate a few moments longer, and then went indoors to their household work.

Next day Olive contrived to have a talk with her mother, and ask her questions about Uncle Wake and his business. But Mrs. Challock had not much to tell.

"He was always a kind-hearted man," she said, "and a good husband to my poor sister. Your aunt Ruth died young. He loved her very much; I almost wonder that he married again, and yet I oughtn't to wonder, seeing that I married a second time, although I loved your father dearly! We widows and widowers allow ourselves to be talked over, even when our hearts are buried in the grave of our first love. Yes, Mr. Wake is a good man, Olive."

"Has he any children?" Olive asked.

"The second wife had one daughter. He wrote and told me of the birth. I never heard of any other children," Mrs. Challock replied.

"And do you really think, mother, that he would let me live in his house if I earned my own bread?" Olive said, earnestly. "May I write to him?"

"You may write," Mrs. Challock answered, after a pause. "But I did not want to part with you till you were married, tell him that. And oh! Olive, don't say much about your stepfather! He might be a worse man than he is, you know; but it troubles me sorely that he doesn't take to you. I've been an unfortunate woman, Olive—very unfortunate."

"Yes, mother; you were very unfortunate in losing my father," Olive said, quietly.

Mrs. Challock began to cry in a noiseless fashion. Now and then she paid this tribute of silent tears to the departed, and blamed Providence, in her spiritless way, for having removed him. She always spoke of herself as a woman who had been badly used by the powers above, and went so far as to say that an angelic guard ought to have been specially provided for a defenseless widow. When her mother was in this mood Olive was apt to betray a little impatience. As Mrs. Challock dried her tears she began to bewail her fate in the usual strain, and the girl spoke out at last:

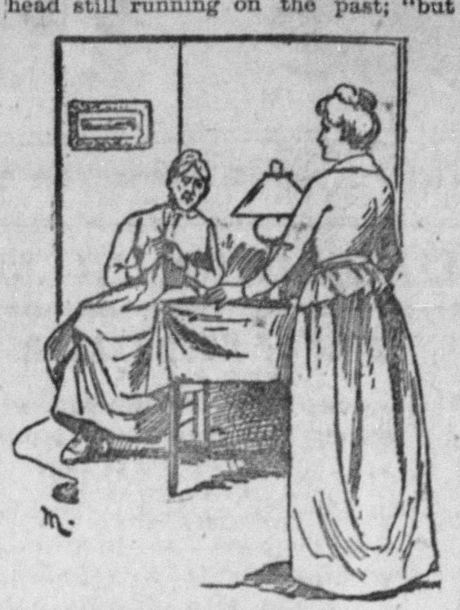
"There is Mrs. Hooper, mother," she said, "she was left a widow, and she has never married again, and yet she was no better defended than you were."

"Oh! Olive," moaned Mrs. Challock, shaking her head, "she was far better defended than I was. Not by angel guards, perhaps, but by a plain face; and a woman can have no safer protection than that."

Olive looked, half pityingly, at the sweet, faded face by her side, and felt that there was some truth in those words. She knew that she herself had more beauty than her mother had ever possessed; Mrs. Challock had often told her so, but she thought, with a girl's happy confidence, that her defense was sure and strong. Michael's love for her and her love for him—this would be her shield and buckler. She put her arm round her mother's shoulders, and spoke in a caressing tone:

"Then you will let me write to Uncle Wake?" she said. "Don't fret, little mother; Lucy says it will be best for me to know something of London before I go to live there as Michael's wife. It would be trying for him to have to teach me everything."

"Your father never thought it a trial to teach me," sighed Mrs. Challock, her head still running on the past; "but then he had wonderful patience. I only wish I had learned more. Yes, Olive, you may write, and see what comes of it."



"YES, OLIVE, YOU MAY WRITE."

But some time passed by before that letter was written.

Poor Jane's love troubles pressed so heavily on her mind that she fell ill, and Olive had to help in nursing; and then Mrs. Challock herself grew sick and claimed her child's care. These illnesses were not alarming, but they changed Olive's plans for awhile, and the summer seemed to slip away unawares. And just after the harvest had been gathered in, and the sun shone calmly over fields that were shorn of all their wealth of gold, Lucy Cromer's life story came to an end.

"Stay with me as much as you can, Olive," she said, when she had given up her place on the little couch downstairs. "I have had friends and lovers, but never one sister till you came to me."

So Olive spent hour after hour in the small bedroom under the thatch, and sunbeams and wandering breezes made their way through the open lattice. There was a thick wreath of ivy and roses round the window; the swallows had not yet taken their departure, and bird-notes and whispers of many leaves came to her like familiar voices. And Lucy, too, lay listening to the music of the dying summer with a great peace in her heart.

They talked to each other in these last hours more freely than they had ever spoken before. All the shadows of the past had been swept away from Lucy's soul. She looked back on the path that she had trodden with such weary feet, and saw it illumined with a divine light. It was just the same path that she had known always; there was the place where she had stumbled over the sharp stones, and risen bruised and bleeding; there was the spot where one had turned his face from hers, and left her to toil onward all alone. Nothing was changed, not a single way-mark was gone. But the eyes that looked back on the past had gained a new and clearer sight; they could see where good had triumphed and evil had been stricken down; and they could discern the footprints of angels where the way had been darkest and saddest. From beginning to end it was a way that had been watched over and guarded by love.

CHAPTER IV.

"REMEMBER ME WHEN I AM GONE AWAY."

Lucy had little to regret in the world that she was leaving, for Heaven had opened to her. She did not tell Olive what kind of Heaven it was that had been revealed to her spiritual gaze; "the kingdom of God was within her," and these last days of her earthly pilgrimage were unfolded in an atmosphere of sweetness and light. One evening, when she had been lying silently, with eyes closed, Olive had gone to a seat by the open window, and was looking out upon the sun-touched hills. She thought that Lucy was asleep, and started at the sound of her friend's faint voice.

"There is something that I want to say, dear," said Lucy, tenderly. "Do you know that one of the sweetest feelings in life is the sense of being able to forgive? No, you do not know it; as yet you have suffered no great wrong. But if ever there comes a time when you are greatly injured—if ever you are wounded deeply by a hand you have loved—then you may remember these words of mine: Forgive, if you would find peace. Forgive, if you would have your wounds healed and feel the soft touch of Christ's finger on your sore heart."

Olive was silent; but she drew near and took Lucy's hand. The leaf whispers filled up the pause, the room was full of the rich scent of jessamine, a flower that Lucy loved; and long afterwards its perfume brought back to Olive a memory of her friend's last words and looks. Some sprays were scattered over the coverlet; some of the white, star-like blossoms had drifted down on the floor. Lucy had never told why this flower was so dear to her, but Olive's quick womanly instinct divined that it was one of the links that bound her to the past. Such links are often flower-links, fragile and sweet, yet strong as a chain of steel, and lasting unbroken through all the chances and changes of time.

"You must never think sorrowfully of me, Olive," Lucy went on. "I have read somewhere of one who gleaned in haste and snatched all the richest grain. Here, in this quiet village, I have gathered all the blessings that I missed when I lived in the world. In these last days I have reaped all, and I, too, shall be gathered into the garner. Do you not see that mine is a happy fate? I have done nothing to deserve these royal compassions, these outpourings of a Father's loving-kindness, and yet they are mine."

Thus Lucy talked, and Olive listened; and in the growing amber light the woods and meadows stretched softly away, showing dimly through a glorious mist that slowly faded into dusk. They heard the last good-night of the birds and felt the first cool sigh of night before the lattice was closed. It was then that Lucy said a silent farewell to earthly things. The quiet night passed away in peace; the sun rose and the village awoke to its daily labor, but the jessamine blossoms lay upon a pulseless heart, and on the still face there was an ideal beauty, a faint smile of unutterable peace.

Long afterwards Olive was glad that she had watched by the side of her dead friend; glad that she had woven a chaplet of feathery ferns and jessamine for Lucy's last resting-place. There are times when to each one of us comes the thought of those who have taught us by their words and deeds; and we find their traces in other lives, and light upon their footprints in strange paths which we never expected to tread. They laid Lucy in the breezy old churchyard under the high hill, among the graves which Olive had known from childhood; but it was not here, in this quiet nook, that the clear echoes of Lucy's voice would come to her from the past.

After her niece's death Mrs. Hooper pined for companionship, and dreaded the long winter spent in the little cottage alone. She begged Olive to stay with her till the spring came again; and, in truth, the girl was too tired and worn to begin a new life at once. But she wrote to Mr. Wake, and wrote also to the florist in Regent street who had employed Lucy, inclosing a letter of recommendation which had been written by Lucy herself. The answers to these letters were more satisfactory than she had expected them to be. Samuel Wake was a man who never did things by halves; he was ready not only to receive Olive, but to give her a hearty welcome. And the florist wrote to say that he was willing to let her come and try her skill, adding that he had never had an employe so clever as Miss Cromer. So the way was made clear for Olive's feet; but before she ventured out into the new path it was well for her to pause and rest.

It was a stormy autumn; the last red tatters of the Virgina creeper were torn from the cottage walls, and no gold and russet leaves were left for Olive to weave into garlands; but there was always plenty of ivy for her quick fingers to practice upon. And then, too, there was other work to be done; in the long evenings Mrs. Hooper and Olive sat and sewed together, and grew fond of each other in their loneliness. The wind moaned and whistled round their little dwelling; by and by the snow fell, and they felt themselves cut off altogether from the great world. But these dreary days passed away, and Olive woke one morning to find that the wintry earth was full of promise of spring.

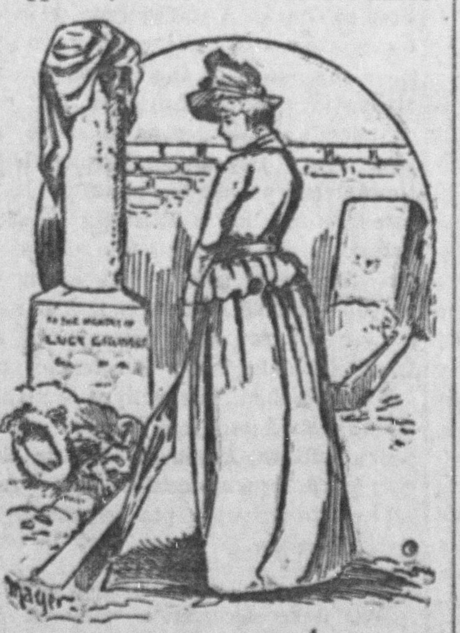
Michael was looking forward eagerly to her coming. His letters spoke of the glorious future that was opening out before them both. As usual, he had a great deal to say about himself, and not one word of Aaron, although poor Jane was hungering for news.

"Aaron has not written to me for a long time," said Jane, with tears in her eyes. "Oh, Olive, I shall be glad now when you are gone to London. You will see him, and ask him why he neglects old friends."

"You shall know everything, Jane," Olive answered. "Only keep a brave heart, dear. I don't think Aaron will be reserved with me. The sight of an Eastmeon face will thaw the ice that has gathered round his heart."

"God grant it may be so!" Jane sighed. "But I have thought lately that my old dream would never come true. I have thought that perhaps I was not meant for Aaron, nor Aaron for me. Maybe I should not make him happy if we were married; I am easily depressed, and I should feel just as he felt; all his moods would be mine."

Olive was silent for a moment. Through all her anxiety to insure Jane's happiness, there had sometimes flashed such thoughts as these. A stronger, more self-confident woman might have led Aaron out of his gloom by the force of her will. But Jane, gentle and timorous, could only sit beside him in the shadow of his own fears. And yet how well she loved him! How impossible it seemed for her to go on living without him!


TO THE MEMORY OF LUCY CROMER

OLIVE STOOD BY LUCY'S GRAVE.

"We must have patience, Jane," she said at last, in her sweet voice. "I suppose," she added, with a sudden smile, "that you never give a thought to your first lover? You have quite forgotten Robert Steele?"

"Robert Steele!" Jane's tone was almost scornful. "He was only a boy, Olive."

"He was a boy when he went away, four years ago. But if you could see him now, Jane, you might have more respect for him. There was the making of a fine man in Robert."

"He was a bright lad enough," Jane said, indifferently. "But who would think twice of a lad's fancy? It comes and goes like a butterfly. Aaron is the only man I have ever taken into my heart, Olive, and I thought—aye, I *believed*—that he loved me."

"Believe it still," Olive replied. "At any rate, believe it till I have seen him and talked with him."

All Olive's simple arrangements were completed before April came to an end, and it was decided that she was to go up to town on the first of May. Michael had fixed on a train that would get to London at six in the evening; at that hour he could meet her conveniently and take her to Uncle Wake's house. The first of May came on a Saturday, which was the best day for Michael, and so it was all settled, and everybody seemed to be satisfied.

On Friday evening, after the last stitch was set and the last thing packed, Olive kissed Mrs. Hooper and whispered that she would go alone to the churchyard and say good-by to Lucy's grave.

The fresh gurgle of the little Meon made music in her as she turned towards the village. She was happy, intensely happy in the strong hope and confidence of girlhood; the prospect of the journey and the beginning of city life did not dishearten her in the least. And yet she was conscious of a new and strange affection for everything that belonged to the life that she must leave behind. She felt herself clinging to the simplest and commonest things, looking lovingly at the cushions of velvet moss and bright little ferns that grew on the stones of the old bridge, watching the rush of the swift water with dimmed eyes.

The churchyard is lifted high above the hamlet, and a narrow path runs across it to the steep hill that towers, sentinel-like, above the church. It is a quiet place, free from all sound of active and stirring humanity, and the fresh April lights and delicate shadows fall tenderly on the gray stones and grass. The sun was just going down when Olive stood by Lucy's grave; it was a calm sunset, clear and golden; a soft wind scented with violets blew cold and sweet from the west.

Standing there, and looking down upon the mound, she felt that she had never loved her friend better than she did at this moment, and yet she shed no tears. Death is not always disunion; there is a parting which seems to leave us with a deeper, more intimate knowledge of the one who has gone before. There are certain questions which are answered, or answer themselves, in silence and absence. Much of Lucy's history, now unknown to her, was yet to be revealed, but the influence of their long companionship was still a living influence in Olive's mind, and it was teaching her many things.

A great American writer has finely said that there are but two biographers who can tell the story of a man's or a woman's life. "One is the person himself or herself, the other is the recording angel. The autobiographer cannot be trusted to tell the whole truth, although he may tell nothing but the truth; and the recording angel never lets his book go out of his own hands." But Lucy had written her autobiography on the "fleshly tables" of a warm young heart, and had bequeathed, as it were, her own personality to the girl she had loved so well. And this had been done without saying many words about her life history.

"Good-by, Lucy," said Olive softly. "I am remembering you, dear, as you wished to be remembered. I am going to follow your counsels, and let your experience help me in the new path that I must tread. There is no need to stand here and say all this; but it makes me happier to say it. God bless you! I know He does bless you for ever and ever; and so good-by."

She slept that night, as she had done for many nights, in Lucy's little room. As yet there were no flowers twining round the lattice, but the ivy was as thick as ever, and the swallows had come back to their nests under the overhanging thatch. Their cheerful twittering filled the morning air when she awoke and realized that her last day in the village had verily come.

Afterwards, in looking back, she thought that this was the most confusing and bewildering day of her own life. So much was crowded into it, and yet so many things seemed to be left out. Jane went with her into the garden, and gathered a basketful of the best flowers that they could find—rich velvety pansies, delicate hyacinths, jonquils, tulips, violets, all mingled with plumes of fresh green ferns. And while they lingered over the flowers, they talked again of Aaron, and looked forward hopefully to the meeting that should bring the long-desired explanation.

It was to Aaron's father—old Fenlake, of the "Boar's Head"—that Olive was indebted for her drive to Petersfield. His ostler was to convey her and her box to the railway station, and when the cart came up to the garden gate, Olive was waiting with a little group around her. Mrs. Hooper's farewell was the last.

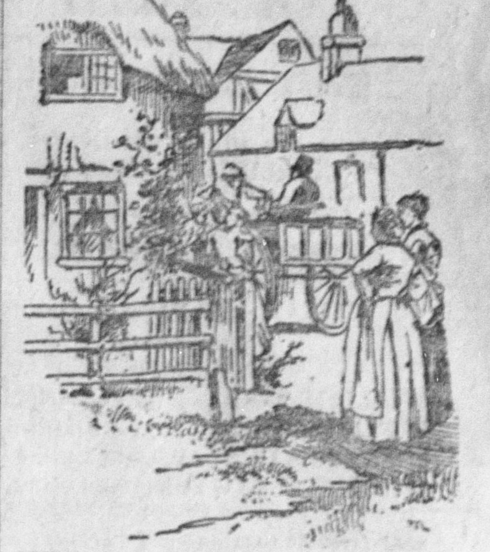
"This is something that Lucy left for you, my dear," she whispered, putting a sealed envelope into her hand. "I was charged not to give it you till you were setting off on your journey; and I've kept it all these months. Good-by, Olive; if you ever want a home, child, come back to me."

The cart moved off. Olive, seated on her box, looked back on the little group at the gate, and waved to them until a turn in the road hid them from her sight. Her driver was old and deaf, and did not talk to anyone but his horse, and she could open the sealed letter in peace. It contained a five-pound note and three words, written in a feeble hand: "With Lucy's love."

It was the last proof of her friend's thoughtful care. She kissed the written words and put the treasure in a safe place. The old horse jogged on; the old driver cheered him in a husky tone, and Olive sat silently watching a few white clouds traveling slowly across the fresh blue sky. Here and there, in a cottage garden, there was a cherry tree in full bloom, lifting up a dome of silver blossom; but the spring was advancing with tardy footsteps, and only a few flowers were scattered over the expectant earth.

They came at last to the railway station, and Olive watched for the train with a throbbing heart. The waiting was soon over, her seat was taken, and she was speeding on and on to her new life before she had quite realized that she had done with the old.

Some minutes went by before she was composed enough to observe her fellow travelers; but presently a baby, sitting on the lap of a rosy mother, gave a crow of delight at the basket of flowers. Smiles and pleasant words followed, but Olive was in no mood for conversation. The baby soon crowed itself to sleep, the mother dozed too, the other people were silent.



OLIVE LOOKED BACK ON THE LITTLE GROUP.

The quiet girl, sitting in the corner, lost herself in a blissful dream of her London life. It would all begin this very evening. She had not seen Michael for a whole year, and presently he would meet her with eager eyes and loving words, and take her under his protection. There would never be any more partings; and Jane, poor Jane, she must be made happy too. Olive felt that she and Michael were strong enough to manage the love affairs of half the kingdom, and bring them to a satisfactory ending. Surely, oh surely, the train was slow!

CHAPTER V.

OLIVE'S WELCOME.

The journey seemed tedious and long to Olive, sitting in the corner of the third-class carriage with her basket of flowers in her lap. As the train drew near London she was seized with inward quaking and misgivings, and looked down upon the flowers as if they could give her comfort. But the breath of the hyacinths was sadly sweet, and reminded her of that grave on which she had laid her Easter wreath. Was it a gloomy omen that a thought of death should come to her, just as she was entering a new path in life?

And then she recalled her last walk with Michael, on that April Sunday evening that seemed so long ago. His earnest voice sounded in her ears once more; his eyes looked into hers with passionate tenderness; the memory was so sweet that it made her heart throb fast and flushed her cheek. She was going to be with him again—going to find the present richer in happiness than the past; what could there be to fear? Olive was too young and too ignorant to know that the anguish of a reunion is sometimes worse than the pain of a parting.

She remembered that Jane had gathered that bunch of dark velvet pansies, and the girl's words, spoken with a little sigh, came back to her at this moment:

"You have all the luck, Olive. I don't know why Michael Chase should have passed over us and chosen you, as father says. You won't be working long for yourself; Michael will get on and marry you out of hand and set you up like a lady. Some women get the crumb and others the crust."

Yes, it was strange indeed that she should be so fortunate. Michael had never shown the slightest preference for any other girl in Eastmeon, and when his choice was made he was perfectly constant. Olive's stepfather had been heard to say openly that he wished Michael Chase had taken a fancy to Peggy or Jane, and Mrs. Challock had been seen to smile with ill-suppressed triumph. And now Olive was drawing nearer and nearer to this wonderful hero of hers, and she scarcely dared to lift her eyes from the flowers, so overpowering was the sense of joy.

But when the train came slowly into the station she looked up with a sudden feeling of helplessness and fright. If he was not here—if by any accident he had been prevented from coming—what would be the fate of the ignorant country girl? How could she summon courage enough to get into a cab and be taken all alone through bewildering streets to her destination? Her fellow passengers got out of the carriage with all speed; the rosy young woman with the baby gave her a parting smile, and Olive saw her greeted by a sturdy artisan who took the baby into his own keeping. Then she, too, got out, last of all, and stood disconsolately on the platform, ready to burst into tears.

"Olive," said a well-known voice.

He was close to her and yet she had not seen his approach. Trembling, timid, happy beyond expression, she laid her hand on his arm in mute welcome, and lifted her sweet face to his.

But he gave her no answering glance; with a hesitation that lasted perhaps half a second, he touched her forehead lightly with his lips; and Olive felt that she had made her first mistake in showing, too openly, her delight at seeing him.

[Continued on page 5.]

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Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS

will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

LOST MANHOOD!

"NERVITIS" (Piver's French Nerve Remedy,) is sold with a **Written Guarantee** to cure all Nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Nervousness, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power in either sex, caused by over-exertion or youthful indiscretion, which ultimately lead to Infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Price, $1.00 a package. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund money. By mail to any address. PIVER'S REMEDY CO., Toledo, O.

BEFORE AND AFTER USE.

$21. $23.

SPECIAL RUN No. 19.
GREATEST VALUE ON EARTH.
Tyler's Famous Antique Oak Roll Curtain Desk complete, see special circulars.
No. 4004, 3 ft. 6 in. long, net $16.00
No. 4009, 4 ft. 6 in. " " $21.00
No. 4010, 5 ft. long, - - " $23.00
Also see new 150 page catalogue for 1892. Great cut of about 40 per cent from former list. BOOKS FREE, postage 10c. Shipped from St. Louis, Mo., or Indianapolis, Ind.
BANK COUNTERS A SPECIALTY.
We refer to every Bank in Thirty States.
TYLER DESK CO., St. Louis, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED AT ONCE.—a few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line in the world. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full terms address, Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill., or Cincinnati, O.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

"Did you ever fancy that you were at the point of death and go through the uttermost agonies of fear for a considerable time, only to find out afterwards that you hadn't been in any danger whatever?" asked the quiet man I was riding with. We did not know each other, but a long ride on a railroad makes strangers sociable.

I said I never had.

"I did, once," said the quiet man. "And somehow I never could laugh at the experience, although it was comical in one way. It doesn't see very funny to me, though.

"I was the sole executor of an estate some years ago and it became necessary to get the signature of all the heirs to a certain paper. All signed readily enough, excepting one. He was a Vermont farmer. He would not or could not see that the proposed transaction was straight forward, and he returned the paper unsigned so I had to go to see him. I took the train for Bellow's Falls, and found that I had to drive about nine miles to the farmer's house, over a particularly lonely, mountainous road.

"It took more than two hours to get there, and I noticed with great apprehension that the road looked dgngerous in places. The horse I had was a good one, though and I learned a long time ago to trust a good deal to a horse. It was dark when I reached the house, and I found the farmer crossgrained and out of temper, and I had several hour's struggle with him before I got his signature. In fact it was longer than either of us thought, and when we had come to an agreement it was one o'clock in the morning.

"He wanted me to sleep there, but I refused, telling him I must catch the 6 o'clock express. He was amazed 'Yeb'ain't goin' to drive back to-night, be ye?' he exclaimed, but I said I must, and he let me go, with many cautions about the bad road. "There's one almighty nasty place about three miles away, he said, and I felt pretty nervous as I remembered it. It was where the road ran along the edge of a cliff forty or fifty feet high.

"However, I borrowed a lantern, hitched up, tied the lantern on the axletrees and set out. It was one of the darkest nights I ever saw, and before I had gone a mile the light went out. I suppose the lantern had not been filled.

"Just as I thought I must be at the place which the farmer had mentioned the foreward wheel struck something, and was twisted so violently that the axle snapped. I felt myself falling with the wagon, and involuntarily jumped to get clear. I jumped too hard, and, instead of landing on the level of the road, as I expected, I went fully five feet below it, and losing my footing rolled down a steep bank for ten feet more. The reins were jerked from my hand and the horse ran.

"As I fell I realized that I had jumped on the side toward the precipice, and I scrambled like a cat in the effort to catch hold of something, but it was so dark, I literally could not see my own hands, and before I could get hold of anything I felt myself going over the edge. As I went over, however, I caught something with my right hand, and when I realized things I was swinging in the air on that something.

"Of course I caught hold with both hands at once, and discovered that I was holding on to a sapling. It wasn't easy work, for I had a heavy ovorcoat on, and I am not a strong man, but somehow or another I managed to pull myself up till I got one arm over the sapling and then stopped to think and get breath.

"In the dense darkness I could tell nothing about what was under me, but I felt sure that I was dangling over forty feet of clear space with jagged rocks at the bottom. I could kick the face of the rock over which I was hanging, but could not, with my feet or knees, find any protection whatever. It was irregular but smooth.

"After I had almost exhausted myself in trying, I decided that my only chance was to hang as I was till daybreak, and then began some three hours of torture that I cannot describe. I had read of people hanging in that way till they were exhausted, and then dropping off without being hurt, but I dared not try it, though I was sorely tempted after I had grown cold and numb. So I hung on.

"I got both arms over and put my hands into my pockets for a hold, and then began to calculate how long I could hold on. It seemed a thousand years before it grew light enough to see anything, and when it did I found there was no precipice within a hundred feet of me, but I was right over solid ground. I had no trouble at all in getting back into the road, and I walked to Bellows Falls just in time to miss my train."

THIS IS FOR YOU.

If you are sick and have not been helped, why do you not write a full description of your case to the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr Greene, of 35 West. 14th Street, New York, known everywhere as the discoverer of Dr Greens Nervura, and who is without doubt the most successful physician in the cure of all long standing complaints?

Consultation in all cases is entirely free, personally or by mail. Thousands consult him by letter, and he returns an answer to all perfectly explaining their disease, giving advice, ect., *without charge*.

His success in curing diseases by his marvellous vegetable remedies is simply wonderful, and he has made a specialty of the cure of persons at a distance through letter correspondence and treatment. In this manner thousands of people have been and thousands more are being cured, and we should advise, if you desire a sure cure from your disease to immediatly write him all about your case. It will cost you nothing to get his very valuable advice.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."
DR. G. C. OSGOOD,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other hurtful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."
DR. J. F. KINCHELOE,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y

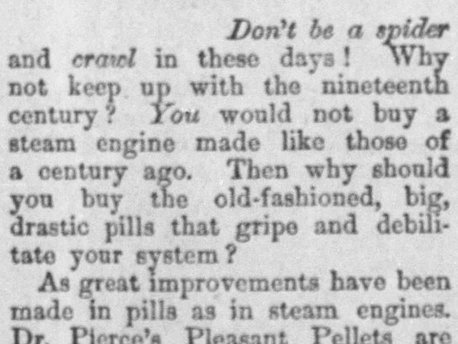
"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."
UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.
ALLEN C. SMITH, *Pres.*

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY—C. M. Parish.

FROM the last annual report of the Bell Telephone Company, it appears that the number of instruments in use at the close of the year 1891 was 512,407—a large increase over the previous year. The total earnings for the year were $4,375,209. The expenses were $1,505,872, leaving the net earnings at $2,869,419. The extension of the long-distance telephone system is rapidly progressing.



Don't be a spider and *crawl* in these days! Why not keep up with the nineteenth century? *You* would not buy a steam engine made like those of a century ago. Then why should you buy the old-fashioned, big, drastic pills that gripe and debilitate your system?

As great improvements have been made in pills as in steam engines. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules, or pills, are easiest to take, and never gripe or shock the system.

They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless.

One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels — quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

PRICE 50 CTS.

IT IS THE BEST, EASIEST TO USE, & THE CHEAPEST.

may27-1y

RUPTURE

DR. J. A. SHERMAN begs to inform those whom it may concern that all patients will be furnished with his CELEBRATED RUPTURE TREATMENT during the months of May, June and July this year **at special rates,** at his principal office, 294 Broadway, New York. Safety and comfort is assured without restriction from exercise while under treatment for cure. Treatment can be had by corresponding. Send stamp for pamphlet.

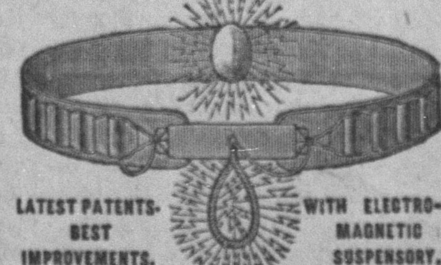
MYSTIC CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM
AND
NEURALGIA.
CURES IN A DAY

A New and Wonderful Discovery

which has revolutionized the treatment of these diseases. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears, the first dose greatly benefits. It is recommended only for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, but for these it is a quick and radical cure, as multitudes who have used it testify. It contains no anodynes and is perfectly harmless. Ask your druggist to procure it if he does not have it on hand. *Guarantee.* If first bottle does not benefit you, druggist will refund money. Write for treatise and testimonials.

PRICE, 75 CENTS.
Dr. I. A. DETCHON, Crawfordsville, Ind.

DR. SANDEN'S
ELECTRIC BELT



LATEST PATENTS-BEST IMPROVEMENTS.
WITH ELECTRO-MAGNETIC SUSPENSORY.

Will cure without medicine all Weakness resulting from overtaxation of brain, nerve forces, excesses or indiscretion, as sexual exhaustion, drains, losses, nervous debility, sleeplessness, languor, rheumatism, kidney, liver and bladder complaints, lame back, lumbago, sciatica, general ill-health, etc. This electric belt contains Wonderful Improvements over all others, and gives a current that is instantly felt by the wearer or we forfeit $5,000.00, and will cure all of the above diseases or no pay. Thousands have been cured by this marvelous invention after all other remedies failed, and we give hundreds of testimonials in this and every other state.

Our powerful improved ELECTRIC SUSPENSORY is the greatest boon ever offered weak men; FREE WITH ALL BELTS. Health and Vigorous Strength GUARANTEED in 60 to 90 DAYS. Send for large illustrated pamphlets, sealed, free by mail. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO.,
No. 819 Broadway, NEW YORK.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 16, 1891.

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	WESTWARD A.M	P.M.
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 15	4 20
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 18	4 23
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 21	4 26
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 33	4 38
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 36	4 40
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 44	4 49
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	9 58	4 55
Curtin	19.9	5 18	9 01	5 02
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 11	5 19
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 25	5 20
Milesburg	23.5	5 45	10 35	5 30
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 48	10 30	5 29
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 48	5 41
Julian	32.9	6 05	10 59	5 50
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 26	5 59
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	1120	6 06
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 23	6 12
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	11 29	6 15
Dix—f	46.3	6 33	11 32	6 12
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 40	11 38	6 25
Vail	51.2	6 44	11 43	6 29
East Tyrone	53.0	6 48	11 48	6 33
TYRONE	54.3	6 55	11 55	6 40

STATIONS	Dis	A.M	EASTWARD P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		7 55	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 02	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 05	3 20	7 36
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 10	3 24	7 41
Dix—f	8.0	8 15	3 30	7 47
Fowler—f	9.3	8 17	3 33	7 50
Hannah—f	10.6	8 21	3 37	7 54
Port Matilda	13.9	8 28	3 44	8 01
Martha	17.3	8 36	3 52	8 10
Julian	21.4	8 44	4 01	8 20
Unionville	25.8	8 55	4 10	8 30
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 03	4 17	8 40
Milesburg	30.8	9 07	4 20	8 44
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 17	4 30	8 04
Milesburg	30.8	9 32	4 40	9 18
Curtin	34.4	9 46	4 47	9 19
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	9 51	4 55	9 28
Howard	39.8	10 01	5 02	9 28
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 15	5 10	9 40
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 13	9 40
Mill Hall	51.3	10 35	5 24	10 01
Flemington	52.5	10 28	5 27	10 05
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 45	5 30	10 10

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 14th, 1890.

Westward P.M	A.M	Dis.	Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
5 05	1 31		SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 47
5 25	10 21	5.3	Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 27
5 37	10 28	8.7	Penna. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 44	10 34	10.6	Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 50	10 46	12.3	Marengo f	13.0	8 43	4 01
5 57	10 52	13.5	Loveville f	12.1	8 37	3 55
6 04	10 58	15.2	Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 40
6 08	11 02	15.8	Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
6 18	11 10	18.2	Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	[illegible]
6 28	11 20	20.5	Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 10
6 40	11 32	23.5	Stover	2.1	7 58	3 1
6 50	11 40	25.6	TYRONE		7 50	3 1

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Nov. 24 1890.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.30 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.10 a m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m, arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.30 p m.

S S BLAIR, General Supt.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R.
To take effect Nov. 24th, 1890

Dis.	Westward a.m.	p.m.		Eastward a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.50	2.15	MONTANDON	5.30	9.20	5.45
1.5	6.15	2.25	Ar. LEWISBURG. Lv	5.20	9.10	5.35
1.5	6.15	2.25	Lv. LEWISBURG. Ar	......	9.10	5.35
5.4	6.30	2.35	Biehl f	......	9.00	5.24
6.8	6.35	2.40	Vicksburg f	......	8.53	5.29
10.7	6.45	2.50	MIFFLINBURG	......	8.43	5.10
13.1	6.52	2.57	Barber f	......	8.36	5.0
15.2	6.58	3.03	Swengle f	......	8.30	4.5
16.1	7.00	3.05	Millmont	......	8.27	4.5
18.6	7.08	3.14	LAURELTON	......	8.17	4.46
23.5	7.19	3.25	Pardee f	......	8.06	4.35
28.9	7.33	3.38	Cherry Run f	......	7.53	4.22
32.2	7.43	3.48	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f	......	7.43	4.12
33.9	7.48	3.54	Ingleby f	......	7.39	4.07
36.6	7.53	4.00	Coburn	......	7.30	4.00
39.6	8.01	4.08	Zerby f	......	7.21	3.52
43.4	8.10	4.17	Rising Springs	......	7.12	3.43
46.2	8.18	4.25	Penn's Cave f	......	7.05	3.35
49.2	8.24	4.30	CENTRE HALL	......	6.58	3.28
51.6	8.32	4.37	Gregg f	......	6.51	3.23
54.6	8.37	4.43	Linden Hall	......	6.45	3.16
56.7	8.42	4.48	OAK HALL	......	6.38	3.11
58.3	8.46	4.52	LEMONT	......	6.34	
60.2	8.51	4.57	Dale Summit f	......	6.29	
63.9	9.00	5.06	Pleasant Gap f	......	6.19	
65.2	9.04	5.10	Axeman f	......	6.14	
67.4	9.10	5.15	BELLEFONTE	......	6.10	2.45

CHAS E. PUGH ....General Manager
ROBERT NEILSON.........General Superintendent
E. B. WESTFALL...........................Superintendent

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.— On and after Wednesday, August 7 1889, Trains on the Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad will run as follows, leaving the PENN'A RAIL-ROAD STATION.

EASTWARD. No.6	No.2	Dis.	STATIONS	WESTWARD Dis.	No.1	No.
P.M	A.M				A.M	P.M
6 29	9 10	18.	Ar. BELLEFONTE. Lv	0.	6 00	[illegible]
6 13	9 03	17.	Scales	1.	6 37	[illegible]
6 08	8 59	16.	Morris	2.	6 11	[illegible]
6 03	8 54	15.	Whitmer	4.	6 16	[illegible]
5 59	8 51		Linns		[illegible]	3 23
5 57	8 48	12.5	Hunters	5.5	6 22	3 26
5 53	8 44	11.2	Filmore	6.8	9 26	3 30
5 47	8 40	9.5	Briarly	8.5	6 32	3 36
5 43	8 36	8.	Waddles	10.	6 38	3 43
	8 33		Matterns			3 45
	8 25		Stormstown			3 53
	8 19		Red Bank			3 59
5 39	8 09	6.9	Scotia Crossing	11.1	6 46	4 09
5 24	7 25	2.	Krumride	16.	7 00	4
5 20	7 20	0.	Lv STATE COLLEGE Ar	18.	7 04	5

Trains will stop at stations marked "F" when signal is given or notice to Conductor.

Train 2 connects with Trains east and west E V R R and S S Branch.

Train 6 connects with Trains east on B E R and the S S Branch.

THOS. A. SHOEMAKER, Supt

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 24th, 1890.

WESTWARD.
ERIE MAIL leaves Phila daily.... 11 25 p m
" " Harrisburg " ... 3 30 a m
" " William'port " ... 7 10 a m
" " Jersey Shore " ... 7 31 a m
" " Lock Haven " ... 7 55 a m
" " Renovo " ... 8 55 a m
" arrives Erie " ... 3 40 p m
GRA EX, l'ves Phila week d'ys.. 8 50 a m
" " Harrsburg " ... 12 00 m
" arrives at Wmsport " ... 3 20 p m
" " Lock Haven " ... 4 10 p m
" " Renovo " ... 5 15 p m
" " Kane " ... 9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at.................................... 5 20 p m
FAST LINE leaves Phila. week days. 11 40 a m
" " Harrisburg " ... 3 45 p m
" " Williamsport " ... 7 10 p m
" arrives at Lock Haven" ... 8 02 p m
" Renovo " ... 9 00 p m
NEWS EX. l'ves Philadelphia ...... 4 30 a m
" " " Harrisburg........ 8 10 a m
" " " Williamsport...... 11 20 a m
" " arrives at Lock Haven...... 12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex. l'vs Phila.............. 4 25 p m
" " " Harrisburg...... 7 32 p m
" " arrive Williamsport. 10 20 p m
EASTWARD.
Sea Shore Express l'vs L Haven w 7 20 a m
" " Jersey Shore. 7 48 a m
" " Wms'port...... 8 25 a m
" arrives at Harrisburg 11 25 a m
" " " Phila........ 3 15 a m
DAY EX. leaves Kane week days... 6 30 a m
" " Renovo............ 10 20 a m
Lock Haven...... 11 20 a m
Williamsport.... 12 30 p m
" arrives at Harrisburg .... 3 30 p m
" " Philadelphia... 6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL leaves Erie daily.......... 5 27 p m
" " " Renovo.............. 10 35 p m
" " " Lock Haven......... 11 25 p m
" " " Williamsport......... 12 25 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg. 3 22 p m
" " " Philadelphia.. 6 50 p m
RENOVO A'CN leaves Renovo........ 4 45 p m
" " arrives at Harrisburg... 10 05 p m
" " "Philadelphia......... 4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP. lv,s Wms'port....... 2 42 a m
" " arrives at Harrisburg. 5 30 a m
" leaves " 7 00 a m
" arrives at Philadelphia.... 10 20 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P & W. N. N; at Emporium with B N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V R. R.

ROBERT NEILSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers, and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisements at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash. EDWARD T. TUTEN.

COUNTY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The following named gentlemen compose the Republican Executive Committee of Centre County for the year 1892.

Wilbur F. Reeder, Chairman, Bellefonte
W. L. Malin, Secretary. "
H. P. Harris, Ass't Secretary "
H. C. Quigley. " " "

DISTRICT.	NAME.	ADDRESS.
Bellefonte, N W	W I. Fleming	Bellefonte
" S W	J A Aikens	"
" W W	S. H. Williams	"
Centre Hall boro	B S Brisbin	Centre Hall
Howard "	Robert Cooke Jr.	Howard
Milesburg "	John Confer	Milesburg
Millheim "	J F Harter	Millheim
Philipsburg "1 W	S S Crissman	Philipsburg
"2 W	H C Warfel	Philipsburg
"3 W	Capt Harry Simler	"
Unionville "	Riley Pratt	Fleming
Benner Twp	Jos. H Marshall	Bellefonte
Boggs Twp E P	J M Parker	Roland
Boggs Twp W P	C P Stonerode	Milesburg
Boggs Twp N P	Jacob Yarnell	Milesburg
Burnside Twp	Delon G. Stewart	Mosbannon
College Twp E P	Wm Thompson Jr	Lemont
College Twp W P	Philip D Foster	State Coll.
Curtin "	William Robb	Romola
Ferguson Twp E P	Claudius B Hess	Fairbrook
Ferguson " W P	John Campbell	"
Gregg " N P	Isaac Smith	Farmers Mills
Gregg " S P	John D Long	Spring Mills
Haines " E P	Chas Bressler	Fiedler
Haines " W P	James P Coburn	Aaronsb'g
Half Moon "	Cyrus W Hunter	Stormstown
Harris "	Scott Bricker	Boalsburg
Howard "	N. G. Pletcher	Howard
Huston "	Ira F Davis	Julian
Liberty "	D M Burlew	Blanchard
Marion "	S H Bennison	Walker
Miles "	Henry G Royer	Wolfs Store
Patton "	George F Stevenson	Buf'lo Run
Penn "	W F Rearick	Coburn
Potter Twp N P	James Gregg	Centre Hall
Potter " S P	Alexander McCoy	Pot'rs Mills
Rush " N P	David Kinkead	Philipsburg
Rush " S P	Sanford White	Sandy Ridge
SnowShoe E P	J. K. McMullen	SnowSnow
SnowShoe W P	John A Yeager	Moshannon
Spring Twp N P	John A Dubbs	Bellefonte
Spring " S P	M P Riddle	Pleasant Gap
Spring " W P	W H Poorman	Bellefonte
Taylor "	John Weaver	Port Matilda
Union "	B W Shipley	Fleming
Walker "	O P Wilson	Hublersburg
Worth "	S R. Pringle	Port Matilda

REPUBLICAN RECIPROCITY DID IT

In 1891, during the seven months ending January 31, the exports of steam engines and machinery from the United States to Brazil amounted in value to $329,748.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, our exports of such articles to that country amounted in value to $1,098,912.

This increase of $769,164, or 237 per cent., was caused by Republican reciprocity.

Nothing shows the development of a country more surely than the amount of raw material consumed in its manufactures.

From 1877 to 1809 the consumption of raw cotton increased in free trade England 25 per cent.

In the United States, under protection, during the same period, it increased 85 per cent.

In 1891, during the seven months ending January 31, the imports of cutlery into the United States amounted in value to $1,101,417.

In 1892, during the corresponding period after the benefits of Republican protection had begun to be felt, our imports of cutlery amounted in value to $684,338.

Republican protection enabled our manufacturers to supply the difference, amounting to $417,079.

In 1891, duiinng the seven months ending January 31, the imports rf hoopbands and scroll iron and steel into the United States amounted in value to $136, 229.

In 1892, during the corresponding period after the benefits of Republican protection had begun to be felt, the imports of such articles into this country amounted in value to $41,284.

Republican protection enabled the iron and steel manufactures of the United States to supply the difference, amounting in value to $94,945.

In the nine months ending March 31, 1891, we imported foreign woolen goods to the value of $35,417. 945.

In the nine months ending March 31, 1892. our imports of woolens were only $29,456, 267

Yet the home consumption of woolen goods at low prices is interesting all the while. We are purchasing more clothing from our own countrymend an less from foreigners, that is all.

In 1891, during the seven months ending March 31, the exports from the United States to Porto Rico amounted in value to $1,320,169.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding period, our exports to that country amounsed in value to $1.524,862.

This increase amounting to 204,693, was by Republican reciprocity.

In 1891, during the two months ending March 31' the exports of provisions, consisting of meat and dairy products from the British West Indies, including Bermuda, amounted in value to $249.491.

In 1892, under Republican reciprocity, during the corresponding period, our exports of such articles to those countries amounted in value to $385,591.

This increase of $136.100, or 55 per cent. was caused by Republican reciprocity

In May, 1890, we paid foreigners $229,422

for imported cutlery. Last May we paid only $53,168

for foreign cutlery. We used just as much cutlery as before, but we bought of American makers instead of European makers.

—J. M. Masten, Railway mail service Inspector, accompanied by J. A. Fiedler post master of Bellefonte, took a trip to State College last Friday morning over the Bellefonte Central railroad to examine the stations along this road with the view of the establishment of mail service on this line to the College and intermediate stations. We understand that Mr. Masten was favorably impressed with the advisability of this change in the service and will likely make a favorable report to the department which will be followed about July 1 by the establishment of the service on this line. In this event the mail will at first be sent out in closed pouches about three bags on each train, one for Fillmore, one for the new office to be established at Waddles, and one for State College. The bag going to Waddle's will contain the mail for Buffalo Run, Stormstown and Benore, making Waddle's a distributing office for the Buffalo Run valley and contiguous territory and giving two mails a day to the people of these places or most of them. This arrangement cannot fail to be a great advantage to the people along this line and must have an effect to help in the developement of this territory to the advantage not only of the railroad company but to the property owner, and in fact to all the people. We are indebted much to the Bellefonte Central R. R., which has made this improvement of the condition of things in this valley possible also to the enterprise and push of the officials of the postoffice department, who are so ready at every opportunity to improve the value of the postoffice service. What is being done here is being done all over the country showing what can be done with a pushing and practical business man at the head of this department.

THE HIGH WATER MARK.

Monument Dedicated at Gettysburg To-day. Gov. Beaver's Oration.

Special to the Republican.

GETTYSBURG, Pa., June 2.—The dedication of the High Water Mark Monument took place to-day in the presence of an immense crowd of veterans and visitors. President Harrison with some of his cabinet were present. Part of the Eighteenth Regiment was here to do guard duty. Quite a number of eloquent addresses were made but the principal one was the oration of the day delivered by Ex-Governor Beaver, of Bellefonte. Mr. Beaver said: Mr. President:—

It is a matter of sincere regret that Gen. Bingham, who was originally designated to deliver the address on this occasion, has been prevented by the pressure of public duties from doing so. A participant in the Battle of Gettysburg, serving upon the Staff of the distinguished Officer who was in command on this part of the field, he was particularly fitted for the discharge of this duty. I become his substitute with much hesitation, for many reasons, and yield to the solicitation of others in the hope that a thought of the Gettysburg which is to be may find lodgment in the minds of some who are here present.

The formal unveiling of the Monument before us furnishes the occasion for this public gathering, and marks an era in the progress of the effort to make the Battle-field of Gettysburg teach History to coming generations. The Monument itself has been erected by appropriations of money made by several of the States whose troops were engaged upon this field in the great battle which was fought here in July, 1863. So far as the significance of the Monument itself is concerned, so far as it serves to perpetuate in an especial manner the significance of the history which was made here, it would have been entirely proper for all the States whose troops were engaged in the magnificent charge of the Army of Northern Virginia and its repulse by the Army of the Potomac to have joined in making such an appropriation.

The Monument is historical. It perpetuates the history of an event. Around us, on every hand, are the monuments of military organizations. The different States represented by troops in the Army of the Potomac have made generous provision for the erection of monuments to mark the spot occupied by their several State organizations during the memorable contest which occurred upon this field. Individual effort, representing those military organizations, has supplemented the State appropriations. The result is the most remarkable collection of works of art grouped for such a purpose to be found anywhere in the world. I am not in sympathy with the sentiment which would discourage such monuments. They serve a varied purpose. The military student will learn from them the tactics of the great Battle. The survivor of the organization for which each stands will recount beneath its shadow the events of the day in which he took a part. The descendents of the men who served their Country well here will gather a fresh inspiration for the discharge of duty as they assemble about the memorial which marks the place where their fathers stood, heroic in maintaining the majesty of the law and proving the perpetuity of the Government, and the citizens of our several States will rival each other in devotion to the memory of those who here proved themselves their worthy representatives. Let these monuments stand. Let them be preserved and perpetuated for all time to come. They provoke no jealousies. They harbor no resentments. They are eloquent in their mute appeal to patriotism and to duty. They have a mission and they meet its requirements well.

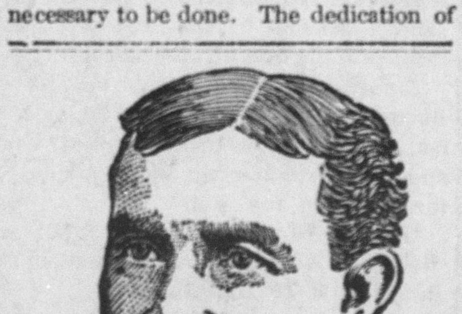
The Monument which we dedicate to-day is different from them all. It marks, as I have said, a new era in the erection of memorials upon this field. It is significant and that significance should be emphasized in this presence. The story of Gettysburg has been ofttimes told. It has furnished the theme for the Historian, the Orator and the Poet, so that its varied events are familiar as household words. It is not my purpose to recount the scenes and the incidents of the great battle. Their recital must always arouse the pride of Americans in the heroism, the courage, the enthusiasm, the fortitude and the endurance of those engaged on both sides of the great conflict. We have not yet reached the point where all personal feeling can be laid aside. The motives which actuated the different organizations confronting each other, the question of responsibility for this and that movement resulting disastrously on both sides, the claims of the relative importance of the services rendered by men and organizations on the one side and on the other will naturally provoke controversey for many years to come. The period, when all these problems can be solved and all conflicting claims and statements crystallized in accepted History is not likely soon to come; but, as we gather here to-day and look out upon the lovely Valley across which Pickett and his gallant Virginians made their magnificent charge, and stand upon this spot where the equally gallant Pennsylvanians, like a wall of adamant, received its shock and against which it broke and scattered and receded, we can all join in admiration of the courage and the enthusiasm which animated the men who made the charge and the fortitude and solidity of those who received and withstood its momentum. This Monument stands for both. Have we not, therefore, reached the time and is not this an occasion on which it is better to forecast the future than to discuss the past?

As the years go by, I become more and more convinced of the duty which devolves upon the survivors of our late war to smooth the way for the complete union, in sentiment and feeling, of the people of all sections of our common country, and for the utter destruction of sectionalism in all its forms and phases. Can we gather a lesson of present duty from this occasion and these surroundings? Is there a suggestion of united effort and of common employments which may serve to unite more closely the survivors of both Armies and the people of all sections of our common country? Go with Buford, on the evening of the 30th of June, 1863, through the town of Gettysburg and deploy with his Cavalry skirmishers across yonder hill to our right. Stand with him and his gallant troopers, on the morning of the 1st of July, as they stubbornly hold the ground for the Infantry whose approach they anxiously await. Follow Wadsworth, as he endeavors with the limited force at his command to hold, at all hazards, the Cashtown Road. Come upon the field with Robinson and Rowley, in support of Wadsworth's outnumbered and overmatched forces. See the lines of Schurz and Barlow of the Eleventh Corps, as they endeavor to make connections with the First and form a line at right angles which shall resist the unexpected and overwhelming attack of the enemy pouring in by different roads, until their right flank is enveloped and their rear threatened. The position of every Regiment in the dispositions of Buford on the evening of the 30th of June, and of the troops of the Frst and Eleventh Corps on the 1st of July is marked by a monument which shall continue as long as granite and bronze endure to tell the story of the wonderful and well sustained contest which held a great part of the Army of Northern Virginia in check, until Cemetery Hill was prepared for the final defensive position of the Army of the Potomac. But where were Pettigrew's Battalions, with whom Buford skirmished on the evening of the 30th? Where were the divisions of Heth and Pendor formed and what position did they occupy in their contest with the First Corps? Where and how did Rodes and Early make the rapid and skillful preparations and movements which drove the Eleventh Corps from the field before its Brigades and Regiments were fairly formed for action? No avenue opened along their lines enables you to seek for their positions. No monuments mark the points which they occupied or the places where their lines were formed. Where did the Divisions of McLaws and Hood make their dispositions for the attack upon Sickles on the 2nd? Where did Pickett form his Battalions for the great charge which found its vain culmination on the ground upon which we stand to-day; and, during that charge, where did Stuart and his cavalry brigades in their effort to reach our rear meet, in the shock of charge and counter-charge, Gregg's troopers on our right flank? You seek in vain, on the ground which they occupied, any evidence of the existence of such troops.

The Battle of Gettysburg was, in the main, a defensive one for the Army of the Potomac. The significance of the defence and the determination of how well or how ill it discharged its duty depends upon the forces opposed to it and the manner in which they were led and hurled against its defences. Every Regiment composing the Army of the Potomac has, or will sooner or later have, a monument which shall tell the story of its devotion. But what of the forces which made it creditable for the Army of the Potomac to make a defence? From their right on Plum Run to their left on Rock Creek and beyond, you will, with perhaps a single exception, find no monument to mark the position of a single Regiment of the Army of Northern Virginia. We do not discuss the motives of those who wore the Gray. We do not argue as to the sufficiency of the causes which led them to seek the overthrow of the Government, under the Stars and Bars. We cannot don their uniform and feel the promptings of their hearts, and argue ourselves, with their logic, into the belief that they were right. We can admire their courage, their fortitude and their endurance. We can acknowledge that they were at least our equals in all that constitutes the soldier and makes him a foeman worthy of our steel. Why should this not find its acknowledgment upon this field? Why should not the strategy and the tactics of the Battle of Gettysburg be studied from both sides? Why should not the Government of the United States take possession of this entire Battle-field and make of it a National Park which can be the resort of all our people? Why should not Congress make appropriations for laying out and constructing avenues along the various lines occupied by the Army of Northern Virginia and marking the position of every one of its Regiments? Why not place such a work in charge of surviving soldiers of both Armies and, in this common effort to make this Battle-field a study of succeeding generations and of all nations, bring together, in closer alliance, those who here faced each other in deadly feud, and so unite more closely under our common flag the hearts of all who are so slowly coming to a sincere regard for each other, and to a fuller realization of what is commendable in both.

An irrepressible conflict no longer separates us into necessarily contending factions. The house is no longer divided against itself. Our aims, our hopes, our ambitions for our country are one. Upon this field, where the division was so bitterly emphasized, let us make the effort for union. Practical measures have already been inaugurated looking to such a result. The Legislature of Pennsylvania has already ceded to the Government of the United States the jurisdiction over this portion of its territory, and has granted the right of eminent domain over the entire Battle-field. It only remains for our Congress to accept the tender of our Commonwealth and, by adequate appropriations, provide for the work which is necessary to be done. The dedication of this Monument is the guarantee that such a result can be successfully achieved. It memorializes nothing which is false. It emphasizes nothing which is lacking in loyalty.

This is the thought which I would emphasize upon this occasion. This is the appeal which I make to those of you who represent our people, of all sections, in the Legislative Branch of our Government. The years are passing. The shadows are lengthening; and, if those of us who faced each other and fought each other in the days which are here commemorated, have a duty to discharge or a mission to perform, let us see to it that we seek our mission quickly and discharge the duty promptly.



Mr. Warren D. Wentz
of Geneva, N. Y.,

Tells of His Fearful Sufferings After Gastric Fever and His Cure by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

All who know Mr. W. D. Wentz give him the best of recommendations for honesty and integrity. For many years he has worked for Mr. D. P. Wilson, the harness maker and member of the Geneva Board of Health. He says:

"I was taken sick last October with gastric fever and my chance for recovery was considered almost hopeless. After 7 weeks the fever slowly left me, but I could not eat the simplest food without terrible distress. It seemed that I had recovered from the fever to

Die of Starvation

I took pepsin compounds, bismuth, charcoal, cod liver oil and malt until my physician confessed that his skill was about exhausted and he did not know what else to try. Everything I took seemed **like pouring melted lead** into my stomach. I happened to think I had part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla that had been in the house for two or three years, that I found had benefited me previously for dyspepsia. I began taking it and soon began to feel better. I have now taken a little over two bottles and can truthfully say I feel well again and can eat anything without distressing me, even to

Pie and Cheese

which I have been unable to touch for years. The English language does not contain words enough to permit me to express the praise I would like to give to Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. D. WENTZ, 18½ Castle St., Geneva, N. Y.

A Good Voucher

"I have known Mr. Warren D. Wentz for many years and can vouch for him as a man of veracity and one well known about here. I have sold him several bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

during the past few months." M. H. PARTRIDGE, Druggist, Geneva, N. Y.

Hood's Pills Cure **Liver Ills**

TREASURER'S SALE OF UNSEATED lands for Taxes for 1890 and 1891—Agreeable to the provisions of law relating to the sale of unseated tracts of land for the non-payment of taxes. Notice is hereby given that there will be exposed at public sale or outcry, the following tracts of unseated lands in county of Centre, Pa., for taxes due and unpaid thereon, at the Court House, in the Borough of Bellefonte, on Monday, the 13th day of June, 1892, at 1 o'clock p. m.

Acrs.	Per.	Warrantee Name	Taxes
		BOGGS TOWNSHIP	
433	163	Godfrey Martha	$25 82
150		Lane Sarah	6 15
		BURNSIDE TOWNSHIP	
415		Black James	12 46
433	163	Brady Robt	13 01
433	163	Brady Wm P	23 43
433	163	Brady John	13 01
415		Boyd John	12 46
433	163	Cook William	27 43
433	163	Cowden John	27 43
140	172	Cox Paul	24 00
433	163	Dewart John	12 81
433	163	Dewart William	12 81
433	163	Donnelly Henry	12 81
433	163	Fox Samuel M	12 81
433	163	Gray Robert	12 81
433	163	Gray William	12 81
433	163	Grant Thomas	23 43
433	163	Gobin Chas	12 81
360		Guerney Francis	5 04
433	163	Hall Charles	13 01
433	163	Housel John	23 43
433	163	Hamilton Thomas	6 07
433	163	Kidd John	13 01
433	163	Lyon John	23 43
200		Miller William	2 80
70		Nickolson John	2 10
64		O'Brien Michael	5 74
216	163	Parker Jeremiah	14 05
433	153	Shaffer Henry	23 43
40		Stewart Walter	24 00
433	163	Scott Samuel	13 01
143		Stewart Ann	8 59
415		Tallman Sarah M	12 46
433	163	Towers James	26 00
415		Widener Jacob	5 82
415		Wallace Jos S	12 46
415		Weitzell John	22 41
123		Wheeler Henry	3 71
204		Withington Martin	6 11
		COLLEGE TOWNSHIP	
147		Johnson Ross	3 96
		CURTIN TOWNSHIP	
50		Brooks Jesse	9 70
294		Bruce Charles	14 27
71	131	Curtin Roland	3 44
294	31	Godfrey Martha	14 27
403		Kelso Rebecca	33 25
100		Kelso Joseph	8 25
200		Meyer Philip	19 40
100		Meyer Simon	9 70
420	48	Myers Michael	40 41
420		Myer Valentine	40 41
196		Miller James	10 78
115		Taylor Joseph	8 25
160		Willis Jonathan	18 20
		FERGUSON TOWNSHIP	
100		Burchfield Wm	5 55
29	48	Bates Daniel	2 15
12		Glasgow Silas	1 85
10		Hicks Abram	1 30
10		" "	19
		GREGG TOWNSHIP	
200		Bishop Cornelius	3 90
200		Carson John	3 90
140		Gray Robt	2 73
106	126	Hahn William	7 80
122	31	Hepburn Wm	1 15
144		Logan Wm	2 80
153		Markley Jacob	3 19
88		Painter John	1 74
125		Richardson Isaac	2 44
148		Reed Daniel	2 87
118		Taggart Wm	2 29
136		Taggart David	2 66
51		Unknown	1 99
116		Zeigler Michael	7 80
		HAINES TOWNSHIP	
121		Barr Thomas	1 92
125		Barr James	2 01
129		Barr Mary	2 07
100		Gratz Michael	1 50
306	89	" "	4 90
405		Gratz Simon	6 49
209		Grove Wendell	3 35
435		Hall Chas	15 21
25		Hayes Calvin M	41
112		Henry Joseph	1 80
134		Links Mary	2 14
80		Motz John	64
120		Rhoads Daniel	1 92
388		Seidell Philip	6 53
203		Seidell Peter	5 96
		HALFMOON TOWNSHIP	
216		Lamborn Josiah	10 22
70		Pyle Jacob	2 21
44		Unknown	1 55
		HARRIS TOWNSHIP	
94		Conley Adam	4 79
240		Duff Andrew	2 80
260		Gregg Thomas	4 18
93		Henry Stophel	4 65
140		Henry Stophel	1 12
75		Irwin John	1 29
158		" "	3 61
10		Irwin Wm	52
169		Mitchell John	8 70
231		" "	10 75
402	80	McCormick Eleanor	5 87
260		McClellan George	3 65
412	124	Parker Thomas	21 07
400		Reed James	9 60
88		Reynolds John	4 59
212		" "	10 81
170		" "	5 09
100		Sankey Thomas	1 75
165		Simpson Nathan	7 53
235		" "	11 99
159		Wilson Samuel	8 09
241		" "	12 31
125		Wilson David	6 39
75		Wilson William	1 29
30		Wilson Peter	86
152		Work David	7 65
138		Work Joseph	7 05
		HOWARD TOWNSHIP	
107	104	Brown Samuel	8 03
415		Godfrey Martha	14 20
136	92	Harris Jas D	5 33
		LIBERTY TOWNSHIP	
80		Gorrell Wm	6 50
166		Hayes Robt and Jas	19 92
175		Hayes Wm ½ of	3 57
309		Irwin Robt	18 57
185		Jackson Jeremiah	7 41
125		" "	5 02
200		Krouse Daniel	8 00
150		Lytle Peter	6 71
		MARION TOWNSHIP	
197		Harris A D	1 80
37	100	McKinney David	6 95
80		Young Robt	1 24
		MILES TOWNSHIP	
440		Brady Wm P	4 27
273		Barton Wm	5 05
403		Carothers Jas	5 40
200		Carothers Thos	3 70
250		Cooper W	18 50
424		Calhoun Geo	31 28
200		Gray Robt	14 80
100		Hepburn Jas	2 06
100		Kreamer Peter	3 70
402	134	Miles Wm 9-16 of	16 72
402	134	" " "	13 12
58		Parker Wm	4 30
200		Princeton Jacob	14 80
277		Swineford Peter	1 43
415		Sidell Stophel	30 71
150		Wolf Jonathan	2 78
158		Young Benjamin	2 91
		PENN TOWNSHIP	
200		McCauley Wm	7 00
300		Montgomery Wm	10 50
276		Montgomery Daniel	11 27
170		Swineford Peter ½ of	2 93
		POTTER TOWNSHIP	
265		Blair Joseph	14 02
288		Bond Mary	5 76
400		Brady Wm P	12 00
81	111	Cameron Alex	1 96
138		Deninger Christ	7 80
309		Falls Thomas	4 27
268		" "	7 88
84		Frick John Jr	4 92
198		Fulmer H B	2 51
200		Garrigas Edward	3 90
125		Hubler Bernard	6 32
100		Hunter Alexander	5 76
286		Jacobs G	6 34
200		Garrigus Wm	3 90
300		Gregg Thomas	5 70
275		Gordon Thomas	8 78
300		Mcclellan George	4 27
314		McKim Robert	19 22
86		" "	1 71
138		" David	2 70
262		" "	15 34
195		McClellan Geo	2 11
278		Norris John	7 80
98		Patterson Benjamin	5 62
447		Parker	13 40
300		Reed John C	3 90
		POTTER TOWNSHIP	
100		Scott Samuel	5 86
100		Scott Abraham	5 86
108	61	Telly, Ferrell	3 90
88		Vanderslice Henry	5 86
		RUSH TOWNSHIP	
433	153	Allison John	204 78
328		Allison Jas	157 44
250		Allison Andrew	108 00
300		Allison A and Jno Lilly	19 20
40	10	Atherton Richard	5 68
381	153	Allison Andrew	18 24
52		Bauman Joseph	4 99
433	153	Brickley Daniel	18 18
776		Copenhaver & Whitcomb	30 15
253		Dentler William	24 29
433	163	Ehler Daniel	27 28
433	153	Eberman Philip	20 83
433	153	Fitzgerald Daniel	27 28
433	153	Grant Thomas	103 93
50		Groe Elizabeth	3 25
121	152	Groe & McKeon	12 71
216	156	Grant Thomas	41 47
433	153	Greaves Thomas	9 11
433	153	Gray Wm	19 96
433	163	Hopkins Joseph	14 95
433	163	Hopkins John	26 59
433	153	Haines Reuben Jr	62 40
216	156	Hamilton Thomas	41 47
433	153	Irvin Robert ¾ of	13 65
433	153	" " ¼ of	11 39
100		King Robert	48 00
434		Lucas Chas	9 11
433	153	Lewis David	9 11
433	153	Lowden Richard	27 38
433	153	Lowden John	45 47
433	153	Malone Richard	9 11
433	153	" "	20 83
433	153	Myers Jacob	57 98
433	153	McClellan John	54 60
433	153	Morgan B F ¾ of	13 65
100		McCord J R & A Campbell	6 25
433	153	Musser John ¼ of	11 39
433	153	" " ¾ of	13 69
433	151	Morgan B R ¼ of	11 39
433	153	Malone Richard	9 09
433	153	" "	9 09
322	153	Old Davis	54 39
433	153	Peters Richard ¾ of	13 65
433	153	Pinkerton Henry	24 28
30		Philips Hardman	3 78
14	84	Potter W	1 89
433	158	Peters Richard ¼ of	11 39
177	84	Philips Hardman	33 98
40		Reed John	5 04
333	153	Rudisill Jacob	29 97
433	153	Rush Benjamin	103 93
38		Robinson Wm H	3 99
36		" "	3 78
216		Ranny Robt	10 37
433	153	Slough George	41 57
433		Stoner John	14 94
433	153	Siddens Eleanor	45 47
193		Witmer Henry	18 53
326¾		Wilson John	13 70
75		Wilson Wm	15 75
433	153	Wallace Jas J	41 57
108		Wilson John	4 54
433	153	Zantzinger Paul	54 69
		SPRING TOWNSHIP	
186	115	Purdue John E	9 81
300		Robinson Catherine	14 20
300		Robinson Rebecca	8 40
150		Robinson Richard	5 33
100		Unknown	4 21
		SNOW SHOE TOWNSHIP	
433	153	Fisher Samuel W	62 35
433	153	Fisher James C	62 35
433	153	Norris J P ¼ of	9 31
433	153	" " "	9 31
216		Parker Jeremiah ¼ of	2 97
216		" "	2 97
162		Tompkins Jos	26 73
433	163	Waln Phoebe	31 82
39	29	Wharton Mary M	2 20
39	29	" "	2 20
		TAYLOR TOWNSHIP	
76		Anshultz Geo	3 65
62		Beckwith Clement	8 95
50		Clark Joseph	4 80
163		Hootman Elizabeth	12 62
434		Montgomery W W	9 98
216	156	McEwen Polly	20 83
434		Montgomery John	9 98
100		Master Thomas	9 60
200		Whitehead Richard	19 20
		UNION TOWNSHIP	
150		Brown William	6 30
117		Davis Boyce	5 25
159	140	Marm Harvey	6 68
433	163	Wister Wm	17 50
		WALKER TOWNSHIP	
92	94	Askers Robert	2 61
212	10	Baker John	7 48
162		Brooks Ruth	2 89
247	65	Baker Robert	5 43
280	129	Currier Mary	6 16
60		" "	1 32
115	113	Daugherty Mary	2 54
179	119	Daugherty Elizabeth	3 96
69	39	Evans Jesse	1 51
100	39	" "	2 20
91	26	Eckert Wm	2 02
80		Fry George	3 52
243	55	Gilbert Wm	5 36
211	72	Hahn Peter	4 66
22	47	Hahn Ebenezer	51
65	40	Hahn William	1 43
219	39	James Margaret	4 84
215	155	James Edward	4 75
59	40	Johnson David	1 32
161		Knox John	6 60
327	160	Mansell Wm	7 22
90	94	Mercer John	8 47
327	100	Mercer David	7 22
384	36	Miller Wm	8 47
443	59	Osman Captain	4 64
86	40	Packer Job	1 91
89	40	Packer James Jr	2 00
182		Purden Richard	6 60
100		Purden Jno	2 29
175		Robinson Richard	6 60
88	54	" "	1 93
382	138	Sutler Daniel	8 44
12		Wilson Robt	27
		WORTH TOWNSHIP	
33		Clymer Henry	1 84
74		Campbell Robert	88
300		Howthorn Thomas	3 46
345		Kuhnes John	23 00
260		Layman George	4 00
330		Mayland Jasper	4 60
264		Miles Samuel	18 40
86		Ross John	5 92
79		Swanwick John	4 83
6		Singer John	69
88		Shippen Wm Jr	3 45
237		Wister Wm	15 41
30		Wister Daniel	2 40

NOTE.

In accordance with the act of June 6th, 1887 interest will be added to the amount of all taxes assessed against unseated lands above advertised.

JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

ALSO,

All of the following lots or tracts of land returned by the tax collectors of the following districts, respectively, for the years of 1886, 1887, 1888 and 1889, to the Commissioners of Centre county, for non payment of taxes, according to the provisions of the several Acts of Assembly relative to the sale of seated lands for taxes:

Acr's	Lot	Name Ass'd in	Y'rs	Taxes:
		PHILIPSBURG BORO.		
	Park	Ph'rg Park Assn	'87-88	$59 50
	Lot	Frank Nelson	"	15 66
	Lot	J M Kepler	"	53 55
	Found'y	Jones & Landon	'88	78 90
	Lot	Wesley Johnston	"	23 64
	Lot	Albert Owens	"	9 15
		BOGGS TWP.		
16		Ruth Negley	1889	2 30
		MILESBURG BORO		
	Lot	E A Green	'87-89	6 32
	Lot	Mrs Eliza McGhee	"	8 40
		HUSTON TWP		
433		Austin Swisher	1887	27 32
330		Bush & Tome	"	44 93
	Lot	Lizzie Light	"	18
100		E J Henderson est.	"	8 25
		LIBERTY TWP		
270		Christian Holter	1888	53 56
Mill & Farm		Jno Nestlerede	1889	83 38
		SPRING TWP		
	Lot	J L Murphy	1889	4 66
		WORTH TWP		
	Lot	C L Beckwith	1889	68
5		Isaac Jarrett	1888-89	86
	Lot	Elizabeth Snyder	"	64
	Lot	Philip Newman	1889	3 95
	Lot	J I Thompson	1889	20 10
	Lot	John Erb	1889	58

JAMES J. GRAMLEY,
County Treasurer.

"WANTED" Men to represent me. Will pay salary, or commission weekly. Stock and square dealing guaranteed; write me quick, and secure choice of territory and terms. E. O. GRAHAM, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. 16 4t

OLIVE.

[Continued from page 2.]

"I was a little late," he said, rather stiffly. "And now I must look after your box. Stand here, Olive, and I will come back to you in a minute."

He went, and she stood motionless as a statue, chilled to the very soul. A hopeless feeling of inferiority possessed her; a feeling that was new and strange and agonizing. He was so well dressed and fine, and she was such a poor impulsive little rustic, that it seemed impossible for her ever to be lifted to the height that he had gained.

A woman who is crushed does not generally look her best, and Olive's depression told upon her beauty. When Michael had claimed the box he came back to his sweetheart, and it struck him that the forlorn girl, standing drooping on the platform, was not as pretty as the Olive he had left at Eastmeon a year ago. Her face looked worn and fagged; her eyes large and weary; and there was a tremulousness about her lips which would have touched a tender heart. But a man who is steadily devoted to self-interest is seldom tender. Michael had a great deal to think of, he was rising rapidly in the world, and he did not want his betrothed to be a clog to him. And there was something in her shabbiness and forlornness that irritated him instead of awakening a spirit of sympathy and protection. If you have to climb, you cannot spend time and strength in sympathising and protecting. He hoped that Olive was not going to be helpless, and he was ashamed of the countrified bonnet and scanty gown.

"Come and get into a cab," he said, briskly. "The Wakes will give you something to eat; I dare say you are hungry and tired; and yet it wasn't a long journey. You are not growing delicate, I hope, Olive?"

Fancy a rising man hampered with a sickly wife! The very idea was intolerable. But Olive's answer reassured him; she had taken her first lesson in the art of self-control, and she now spoke calmly:

"No, Michael. I have not had a day's illness since you saw me last."

"That's right," he said, in a tone of relief, as he helped her to seat herself in the cab and took his place by her side.

A hundred times she had pictured this first drive with him through the unknown streets of London. Always it had been strange and bewildering, yet bright with the sunshine of a wonderful happiness. But now the time had really come, with all the strangeness and all the bewilderment; but the happiness—why was that wanting? Was this carefully-dressed young man indeed Michael? And this tired girl sitting silently by his side, could she be the sunny confident Olive of old times? Surely no.

Poor Olive had, until now, seen herself under only one aspect. She had not realized that it is the lot of most people to behold a good many different selves before they have done with this life of changes, and she was startled, as the young always are, at the unfamiliar being she saw. If she could have shaken off this stupid dejected mood all might have been well, she thought. And presently it occurred to Michael to become affectionate, and he took her hand, cased in a worn thread glove, into his own.

"We ought to be very glad that we are together again," he said. "London confuses you at first, but you will soon get used to this noise and bustle and find out all the advantages of living in a wide sphere. And you will have me to teach you everything."

Olive drew a long breath. She would have given anything for the power of glancing up into his face with her old frank smile—the smile that he had scared away. She could only murmur something which was drowned in the rattle of the cab, and he thought again how dull and commonplace she had grown.

It was well that the drive was not long, for it was becoming intolerable to them both. The clattering cab stopped at last in the middle of a crowded thoroughfare, and Michael told her that this was the Strand and here was Uncle Wake's shop.

Out of the shop door bolted an eager lad, head foremost, and received Olive's box upon his willing back. She herself seemed to stumble blindly after him into a place that was a den of darkness; but from the gloom came a man's cheery voice, full and deep.

"So this is my niece, Olive," it said. "You are very welcome, my dear. We want somebody young here to keep us from getting old!"

"She's come too late for that," sighed another voice, thin and melancholy. "We are old already, Samuel, and you know it well enough."

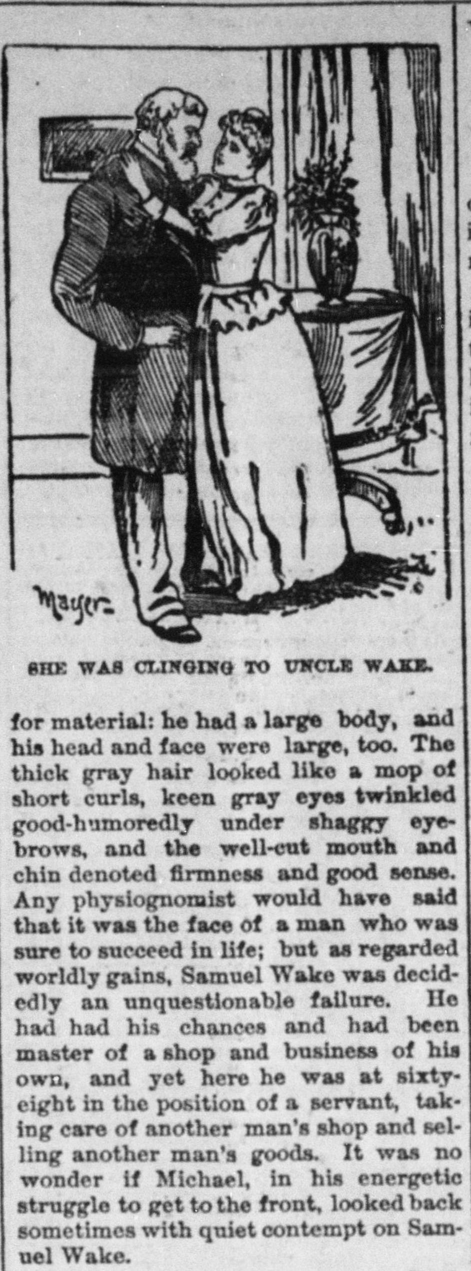
"I won't admit it for a moment," the first speaker replied. "Nothing ages people more than talking about their age."

"Oh, Samuel! We ought willingly to acknowledge the days of the years of our pilgrimage, even if we call them few and evil, as the patriarch Jacob did."

"Jacob was always fond of running himself down; but he feathered his nest well, and that's a thing that I never could do. Olive, my dear, your uncle can't feast you on the fat of the land, but he can give you plenty of love."

Never did any promise seem sweeter to a famished heart. In an instant Olive forgot her shyness and made straight for the large substantial figure which was now becoming visible. Her eyes were getting accustomed to the twilight of the room behind the shop, and she had returned Uncle Wake's hearty kiss and was clinging to him, when some one lighted a lamp. Then a bright clear light illumined the little parlor, and she saw the gray head and kindly face of the bookseller.

He was an ample man. Nature, when she fashioned him, had not been stinted for material: he had a large body, and his head and face were large, too. The thick gray hair looked like a mop of short curls, keen gray eyes twinkled good-humoredly under shaggy eyebrows, and the well-cut mouth and chin denoted firmness and good sense. Any physiognomist would have said that it was the face of a man who was sure to succeed in life; but as regarded worldly gains, Samuel Wake was decidedly an unquestionable failure. He had had his chances and had been master of a shop and business of his own, and yet here he was at sixty-eight in the position of a servant, taking care of another man's shop and selling another man's goods. It was no wonder if Michael, in his energetic struggle to get to the front, looked back sometimes with quiet contempt on Samuel Wake.



SHE WAS CLINGING TO UNCLE WAKE.

"There's a look of my poor Ruth about you," he said; and the deep voice softened as old memories came back. "I know why they call you Olive, it was your grandmother's name. You never saw her, but I knew her well. I'm glad they have given her name to you, my child, for hers was a spirit of peace."

Mrs. Wake was a woman of fragile and shadowy aspect. When she was young she must have been fair and slender like an elfin maiden, with a kind of moonlight prettiness of her own; but now she was so white and wan that you almost expected her to vanish. She always wore a shawl and a large shapeless cap, and there was never any touch of decided color about her dress. Even her voice was faint and thin and seemed to come from a long way off; and altogether she was such a shade that there was not enough of her to be loved. You might like her and regard her as a sort of harmless ghost, who wandered about the house and wailed feebly over the shortcomings of humanity.

[To be continued.]

THE LARGEST MASONRY DAM IN THE WORLD

The largest masonry dam in the world has lately been completed in India, in connection with the new water works for the city of Bombay. It is situated 65 miles north from Bombay, and stretches across the Tansa Valley. The dam is about two miles in length; 118 feet high; 100 feet thick at its greatest depth; 15½ feet at the top. The lake which will be formed when the Valley is full covered an area of eight square miles, and it is expected will furnish a supply of 100,000,000 gallons per day throughout the year. The dam has been 15½ years in process of construction and from 9,000 to 12,000 men and 800 carts and animals have been employed upon it during each working season from October to May. The difficulties of construction were very great.

The sand and cement of which it is composed had to be carted for many miles.

Over 14,700,000 cubic feet of rubblestone were used, over 2,200.000 cubic feet of lime, and over 3,300,000 cubic feet of washed sand. The excavation of rock amounted to over 6,700,000 cubic feet. The masonry work in all was over 11,000,000 cubic feet. The constructors were Glover & Co., of Edinburg. The executive engineer was J. B. Clarke. The water is conducted from the dam to Bombay in iron pipes 48 inches diameter, laid above ground. Each length weighs about four tons. The aggregated weight of the pipes is 50,000 tons, supplied by Macfarlane & Co., of Glasgow.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR

Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia in nine cases out of ten will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in water in which the hand cannot be born.

In a sick room heated by a furnace a grateful relief is given especially in fevers, and where breathing is difficult, by hanging towles wrung from clean, conld water near the register.

For stomach cramps ginger ale or a half teaspoonful of the tincture of ginger in half a glass of water in which half a teaspoonfull of soda has been dissolved will give relief.

Night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body at night with very hot water

It is a great help also toward toning up the skin to rub the body briskly in the morning with a bathing towel wrung out of salt water. The salt enters the pores and stimulates the skin to healthy action.

To make a mustard plaster for young children, mix one tablespoonful of mustard and three of wheat flour with water to the cousistence of a stiff batter, and apply between soft muslin cloths. For adults, one part of mustard to two of flour.

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN THINKS OF THE MCKINLEY TARIFF HOW IT IS BRINGING FOREIGN INDUSTRIES AND CAPITAL TO THIS COUNTRY.

[From the London Times]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES: Sir—As doubtless you are aware census being take in the United States of the industrial results of the McKinley tariff and its success in establishing new industries and bringing increased opportunities for employment to the working classes. The first returns have just been collected. They show that in the last 18 months no fewer than 127 new factories have been established and 53 old ones expanded. Four well known English textile firms have moved the whole or a portion of their plant across the Atlantic, and many of the most skilled hands from the tinplate mills in South Wales have emigrated.

With such results, attended by the notable increase in the American export trade contrasting with the continuous decline in British exports and the daily record of diminishing employments for English, Welsh and Scotch artisans the hope is small; if not nil, of the early reduction of the tariff, which has further secured in many markets, an advantage for American over British goods under reciprocity clause. The Labor Correspondent will soon have a more rueful tale to tell than the idleness at the present time of 14,000 skilled workers in only 19 trade unions comprising 252,000 workers.

The first chapters are now being painfully learnt in many homes in Yorkshire, Lancashire, South Wales Glasgow, and Dundee, A remedy is ready when the people awake.

I am sir, yours faithfully.
C. E. Howard Vinsent.

Carlton Club, April 22.

DEATH AND BURIAL OF MRS. BIBLE.

Just as we were going to press last week we received the announcement of the death of Mrs Frank Bible, at Philadelphia, which fact was recorded in our last issue; also notice to friends of the time the funeral would reach this city. Mrs Alice Bible leaves a husband, two sons and a daughter to mourn her early death. She died of consumption, that scourge of our northern clime, a disease that also took her brother, Gerard Minsker, several months ago. It was only a short time ago that she lost a son whose remains were brought to Bellefonte for interment. The remains of Mrs Bible reached Bellefonte on the 10—30 train from Lock Haven last Friday. Friends were gathered at the station to receive it. The funeral moved slowly to the quiet resting place of the dead where the last sad rites were performed over the grave of a loving wife and devoted mother and where fond, tearful eyes looked for the last time on the loved form and features of her who but yesterday walked among them in life and strength. Cut down just as her sun of life had touched the meridian reaching the highest point in its earthly journey it was suddenly extinguished, leaving a dark cloud of sorrow resting over those who loved her so tenderly. Words fail to paint the gloom that follows such a bereavment.

Only time can blunt the point of such a sorrow and only God can pour on the balm of healing by the hope of a final reunion in the land of the hereafter.

The services at the cemetery were conducted by Rev. W O Wright (Presbyterian) of Milesburg, who spoke feelingly and appropriately, a message and a tribute to the living and the dead.

The pall bearers were D F Fortney, W C Heinle, W A Ishler Aaron Williams, John Rupp and H H Harshbarger.

NEAR BY DEATHS

Houser At Lemont, Tuesday night, May 25, at 10 oclock, Mrs Abram Howser aged 84 years.

At the time of her death she was living with her daughter, Mrs William Schreek. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Rumburger, she was born at Warriars Mark, Huntingdon county, in the year 1808. She was married fifty six years ago to Abram Howser who survives her.

At the age of 13 years she became a member of the United Brethern church and has maintained her relations to that body of christains ever since, she has been in declining health for about a year.

The funeral took place last Friday from the house of her daughter at Lemont. The burial was at Houserville.

Shrom—At her home on East Lamb street, Bellefonte, on Saturday May 22, at 2 oclock A, M, after a lingering illness, Mrs Mary Shrom, aged 62 years, five months and ten days. Mrs Shrom has been a resident of Bellefonte most of her life. Her maiden name was Mary Pruner she was a sister of Ed Pruner, of Tyrone; Joseph Pruner and Mrs John Hoffer of Bellefonte. She had ten children, seven daughters and three sons who survive her two of her sons and five of her daughters are married. She was a member of the M. E. church of this place and much loved for her many excellent qualities by all who knew her. The funeral was on Tuesday morning at 10 o,clock and was largely attended, the services were conducted by Rev W. A Houck, pastor of the M. E. church, assisted by Rev. M. O. Noll. The pall bearers were Charles C Shuey George Hart, John Olwine. Charles Eckenroth, Calvin Weaver, and Jared Harper. Interment at union cemetery.

—The ladies of the United Brethern church will hold a festival for the benefit of the church in the school house near Collin's furnace next Saturday evening, June 4. Ice cream, cake, coffee, etc, will be served. Everybody is invited to be present to help along a good cause and at the same time have a pleasant time with the best ice cream and cake you ever put into your face, come and try it.

"RED NOSED MIKE'S" ACCOMPLICES.

Sentenced to Twenty and Fifteen Years for Killing Paymaster McClure

PHILADELPHIA, May 31.—The Italian Consul at Philadelphia has succeeded in obtaining a copy of a verdict of April 14, in the trial of Bevivino and Villella, accomplices of Michael Rizzelo, alias "Red Nosed Mike," in the murder of Paymaster McClure and Hugh Flannagan, near Wilkes Barre. The Italian jury, notwithstanding the absence of any witnesses who being Americans, for one reason or another, refused to testify in the case, admitted the complicity of the two men, who were therefore sentenced, Bevivino to twenty years and Villella to fifteen years at hard labor.

An appeal was forwarded to the Supreme Court by the two convicts as well as by the public prosecutor.

A verdict issued without any oral testimony and in the native town of the accused for a crime committed abroad is, in the opinion of the Counsel, a very good evidence of the impartiality of Italian justice, and ought to be appreciated in the country where the crime was committed

AN ACCIDENT

Wash Stine, who was driving the band wagon for Pleasant Gap band last Monday started on the homeward trip after the services were concluded. One of the traces came loose, he got off and hitched it and started the horses and got on all right; this happend before they got out of town. When they had reached the toll gate near Valentine's works the trace came loose again and Wash got off to fix it and again before attempting to get on struck the horse, and while they were in motion stepped on the hob of the wheel to jump on to his place on the wagon again but this time his foot slipped, his leg went between the spokes of the wheel and was badly bruised and broken. He was also thrown down and his head cut on the sharp stones of the road. The team was stopped as soon as possible but not until the wheel had made three revolutions. He was picked up unconscious and carried into the house at the toll gate and a doctor sent for who, upon a prelimnary examination, pronounced his case bad but not nesecessarly fatal. He was in an unconscious condition all night. Mrs Miller who lives in the toll gate house. kindly, gave all the assistance to the suffer that she could. P. S.—Since the above was put in type we learn that Mr. Stine died on Tuesday night.

YOU HAVE DOUBTLESS OBSERVED.

That the twelve-page PITTSBURG DISPATCH every morning contains from TWICE TO THREE TIMES as much of the latest important sporting news as any other paper betweem New york and Chicago.

EVERY INTERESTING GAME, no matter in what branch of athletics, whether among professionals, amateurs, schools, colleges or universities, is accurately and briskly reported in next morning's DISPATCH.

ONLY WAIT.

Jones—"Col. Ingersoll, I believe, says there is no hell?"

Brown—"Rats! He's a Republican. Wait till the Democratic Congress gets in its work."

ACROSS THE DEEP TO THE WEST.

On steamboats, cars and stage coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, remedies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick-headaches, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and billiousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionly to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 86
Mixed wheat per bushel	80
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	45
Corn (ears)	40
Oats	30
Barley	50
Cloverseed, fair to good	7.83
do prime and extra prime	8 60
do choice	8,40
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10.00
" prime timothy " "	12.00
" choice " " "	15.00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	40
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	8
New Raisins, per pound	16 — 20
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	12
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Hams, per pound	8
Hams, sugar cured	13
Shoulders	10
Breakfast Bacon	10½
Country Bacon	8
Lard, leaf, per pound	10
Lard, country, per pound	8
Eggs, per dozen	12½
Potatoes, per bushel	30
New Potatoes, per bushel	4 00
Dried Beef	20
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	8
Canned Tomatoes, per can	10—12—15
Canned Corn, per can	10—12½—[illegible]
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	25
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25

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LOOK OUT!
You are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and to injuries.
ST. JACOBS OIL
Cures RHEUMATISM,
SPRAINS, BRUISES, CUTS, WOUNDS, SORENESS, STIFFNESS, SWELLINGS, BACKACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BURNS.
A PROMPT AND PERMANENT CURE.

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IN THE COMPLETE THEORY OF
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LOSE NO TIME FROM WORK.
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MINES
IMPROVED SAFETY-LAMP.

Blood poisoned by diphtheria, the Grip, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, etc., is made pure and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county. In the matter of the estate of Jacob Evert, deceased. The undersigned, an Auditor appointed by said Court to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the account in said estate, and make distribution of the balance to and among those legally entitled thereto, will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the Borough of Bellefonte, Pa., on Tuesday, June 16th, 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m. Parties interested please attend. CLEMENT DALE, Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county, Pa., in the matter of the estate of Barnhart Viehdorfer, deceased, late of the township of Burnside. The undersigned, having been appointed an auditor by said Court, to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed, restate the account, report advancements, if any, and make distribution of the funds to and amongst those legally entitled to the same, gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment in the office of Orvis, Bower & Orvis, in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, the 1st day of July, A. D. 1892, at 10 o'clock a. m., when and where all parties interested are required to attend.
22-3t JOHN F. POTTER, Auditor.

CAUTION NOTICE—All persons are hereby notified by the undersigned not to receive or in any way meddle with the following property, to wit: 1 Cook stove, room stove, 4 beds and bedding, extension table, breakfast table, 70 yards of carpet, 2 clocks, 6 room chairs, 2 rocking chairs, sofa, sink, pigs, lot of dishes and kitchen utensils, as I purchased them at Constable's Sale and have loaned them to William H. Beck at my pleasure.
23 21 4t DANIEL P. SHOPE.

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE,
EASTON, PA.
Seven courses in Arts, Philosophy and Science, Civil, Mining and Electrical Engineering, and Chemistry. Annual Commencement, June 29th. Fall term begins September 15th. For Catalogue, address
THE REGISTRAR, Easton, Pa.

If you are interested in Gardening you should send for our BOOK OF
Flowers, Plants & Seeds
It tells how Safely, Easily and Cheaply you can procure the "very best" and "most reliable", in Plants, Seeds, etc., and we mix Considerable "art" with the printing, using fine engravings and arranging the matter in a pleasing, common-sense way very attractive to our customers.
WE MAIL THE BOOK AND A PACKET OF WILD FLOWER GARDEN SEEDS (VALUED AT 10 CENTS) FOR THREE TWO CENT STAMPS.
Or if you are interested but have no use for seeds, a postal card will do the business; your address on one side, our address on the other Write now, mentioning this paper.
Harry Chaapel,
WILIAMSPORT, PA.
23 14 2t

APPEALS FOR 1892.—TRIENNIAL ASSESSMENT.—Notice is hereby given that the Commissioners of Centre county will meet the taxpayers at the following times and places, for the purpose of hearing and determining appeals for the Tri-ennial assessment of 1892. The time for hearing appeals will be between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 p. m., except when otherwise noted:

Miles township, Wednesday, June 22, at the election house, Rebersburg.

Haines and Penn townships and Millheim borough, Thursday, June 23, at the election house, Millheim.

Gregg and Potter townships and Centre Hall borough, Friday, June 24, at the election house, Centre Hall.

Spring and Benner townships, Saturday, June 25, at the Commissioner's office, Bellefonte.

Harris and College townships, Monday, June 27, at the election house, Lemont

Ferguson township, Tuesday, June 28, at the election house, Pine Grove Mills.

Half Moon and Patton townships Wednesday, June 29, at the white school house in Half Moon township, near Capt. Jno. A. Hunter's.

Taylor and Worth townships, Thursday, June 30, at the election house, Port Matilda.

Huston and Union townships and Unionville borough, Friday, July 1. at the election house, Unionville.

Boggs township and Milesburg borough, Saturday, July 2, at the election house, Central City.

Walker and Marion townships, Tuesday, July 5, at the election house, Hublersburg.

Liberty, Curtin and Howard townships and Howard borough, Wednesday, July 6, at the election house, Howard borough.

Snow Shoe and Burnside townships, Thursday, July 7, at the election house in Snow Shoe.

Rush township and Philipsburg borough, Friday, July 8, at Public Hall, Philipsburg.

Bellefonte borough, Monday, July 11, at the Commissioner's office, Bellefonte.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given to the assessors of the several districts, that they be present with the board of commissioners, on the day of said appeal, in their respective districts, as well as all persons who may feel aggrieved. Assessors will please bring all books and papers they have to the appeal.

GEO. L. GOODHART,
T. F. ADAMS, } Comm'rs.
Attest: JAS. B. STROHM,
ROBT. F. HUNTER, Clerk.
Commissioner's Office, Bellefonte, Pa., May 28th, '92.
22-3t

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Parties desirous of obtaining Rock Bottom Prices on all kinds of printing will make no mistake if they address us. We have all modern facilities and will quote prices that will astonish you. We care not whether you have $1 or $1000 worth done.
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If you feel nervous, dull, tired, languid, low-spirited, lifeless and miserable, experience a faintness, sense of fullness or bloating after eating, have irregular appetite, constipated bowels, malaria, frequent headaches, wakeful or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, with weak back, backache, dragging down pains, irregularities, falling or are suffering from spring debility, go instantly to the drug store and get for $1 a bottle of Dr. Greene's Nervura, which is the greatest boon to women ever discovered, and by its use be restored to sound, healthy and vigorous womanhood.

You need not fear to use it, for it is purely vegetable and perfectly harmless, and it will bring back strength to your nerves, freshness to your complexion, brightness to your eyes, the bloom of health to your eyes, the bloom of health to your cheeks.

Thousands of women also have had the Grip, and have been left by it weak, nervous, tired, and run down in health and strength, need just this wonderful strengthener and invigorator to give them back their old-time strength. It never fails.

☞Dr. Greene, the successful specialist in curing all forms of nervous and chronic diseases, 35 W. 14th Street, New York, can be consulted *free*, personally or by letter. Call or write him about the case or send for symptom blank to fill out, and a letter fully explaining the disease, giving advice, &c., will be returned free.

GENERALS HAWLEY AND HURST AS INVENTORS.

Senator Teller has proposed an amendment to the naval appropriation bill, appropriating $50,000 to enable the Secretary of the Navy to have constructed one 8 inch 50 caliber steel rifle, firing a high explosive projectile of great velocity. In order to test the gun, the secretary is authorized to use the $50,000 appropriated in March, 1889, for testing guns for secondary batteries. The amendment stipulates however, that no part of the money shall be expended until the owners of the patent of the gun agree to construct them exclusively for the government. The gun is known as the Hurst high explosive 8 inch rifle, and is the result of five year's experiments begun at the navy yard in Washington by the inventor, and conducted in private by him. In the experiments Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, took a prominent part. He has great faith in the two charges of powder, one of the difficulties to be overcome being in providing a suitable gas check for the projectiles. This General Hawley succeeded in patenting, and at first took the patent out in his own name and afterward on joint invention with General Hurst. The gun provided for by the proposed amendment will fire the Hawley projectile, which will be filled with dynamite, gun cotton or some other high explosive, and have, it is said, a range greater than that of any gun of similar caliber constructed in this or any country.—*Army and Navy Register.*

"I Am To Tired"

Is a common exclamation of this season. There is a certain bracing effect in cold air which is lost when the weather grows warmer; and when Nature is renewing her youth, her admirers feel dull, sluggish and tired. This condition is owing mainly to the impure condition of the blood, and its failure to supply healthy tissue to the various organs of the body. It is remarkable how susceptible the system is to the help to be derived from a good medicine at this season. Possessing just these purifying, building-up qualities which the body craves Hood's Sarsaparilla soon overcomes that tired feeling, restores the appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, imparts vigorous health. Its thousands of friends as with one voice declare "It Makes the Weak Strong."

John, have you seen that woman lately?

John, in astonishment, what woman?

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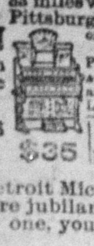

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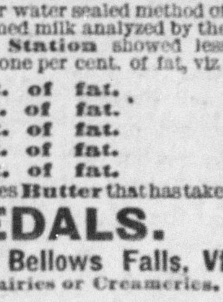

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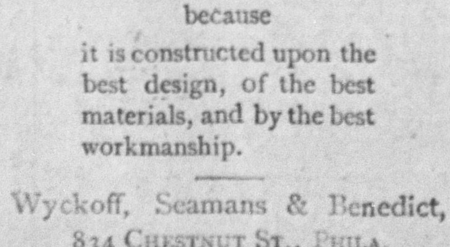

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1 10		Olanta		2 47
1 00		Mitchells		2 56
12 20	P M	Clearfield	A M	
12 00	9 15		7 00	3 30
11 41	8 55	Woodland	7 19	3 50
11 34	8 48	Bigler	7 26	3 57
11 28	8 43	Wallaceton	7 42	4 03
10 35	L 7 50	Philipsburg	L 7 25	L 3 55
11 30	A 8 45		A 8 20	A 4 50
11 05	8 20	Munsons	7 55	4 25
10 42	7 55	Peale	8 21	4 51
10 17	7 33	Gillintown	8 44	5 14
10 09	7 25	Snow Shoe	8 52	5 22
9 02	6 27	Beech Creek	9 46	6 27
8 47	6 13	Mill Hall	10 00	6 43
8 41	7 07	Lock Haven	10 08	6 52
8 32	5 57	Wayne	10 15	7 03
8 16	5 35	Jersey Shore	10 35	7 25
7 35	5 00	Williamsport	11 10	8 00
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
A. M.	P M		A M	P M
7 15	2 56	Williamsport	11 55	11 05
11 30	11 33	Philadelphia	4 05	6 50
	10 08	New York via Easton	5 50	....
7 30	8 35	New York via Phila.	8 30	9 30
P M	A M		P M	A M

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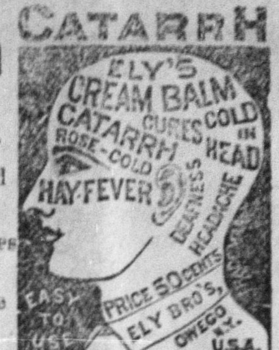

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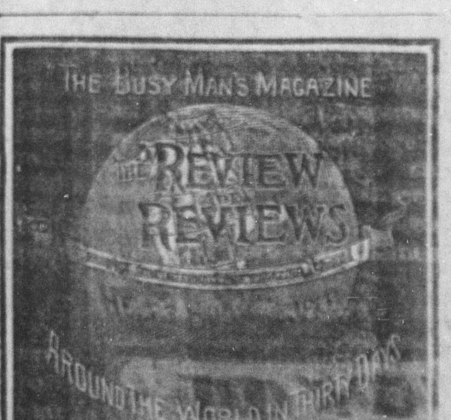

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A STROKE FOR LIBERTY.

BY FREDERICK M. COLBY

The 9th of May, 1775.

The day was serenely fair, and the warm sunshine of spring shone pleasantly upon a beautiful scene. A broad, green clearing sloping toward the long tract of the fair stretching waters of Lake Champlain, which seemed to lie asleep on the rays of the descending luminary. Through the clearing meandered a pretty little brook, which emptied itself into the lake at a place where a narrow bay indented the land. In the midst of the opening, and but a few rods from the shore of the lake, stood an old fashioned farmhouse, with an out house, barn and garden, all showing signs of more or less enterprise and thrift. From the chimney of the farmhouse curled a cloud of smoke that floated dreamily over the landscape, and finally melted indistinguishably with the vapory atmosphere. Several other chimneys belonging to scattered farmhouses that stood farther back from the lake were sending no smoke likewise, and back of the little settlement, with green plants and forests between, extended a ridge of hills, forest-clad to their summits. Across the lake and in full view rose the frowning walls of Ticonderoga, from which floated the lion flag of Great Britain, soon to be plucked down by the fearless hands of the free sons of america.

"Supper will be ready as soon as Nathan comes," said a matronly woman appearing at the door of the farmhouse, sleeves rolled to the elbow, and the signs of culinary toil apparent on her person.

"It's time that he was here," replied Farmer Beman as he straightened up from bending over a harrow that he was mending, and turned his bronzed honest face towards the lake. "He isn't usually so late as this."

The figure in the doorway followed the direction of his gaze, shading her eyes with one hand from the rays of the western sun.

"I think he is coming now; yes, that is his boat. You can just see it in the glare of the sun. Well, I suppose you'll be ready when he gets here." And Mrs. Beman disappeared within the kitchen.

The Bemans being thriefty people and living on the shore of the lake, here only a mile wide, were in the habit of sending their produce to the fort, where the soldiers paid good prices for the same. Their son Nathan, a boy of fourteen, usually acted as agent on these occasions, and on this particular afternoon he had rowed across the lake with a basket of poultry and fresh eggs for the garrison. He had started immediately after dinner, and expected to be back in three hours, but it was nearly six o'clock as he drove his canoe up the mouth of the little brook and anchored it to a clump of hazel bushes. He walked up the path, crushing whole phalanxes of the starry blossoms of the white wood violets—a sturdy boyish figure, clad in shirt and trousers, without shoes and with a ragged cocked hat on his head. Whistling merrily, basket on arm, he entered the farmhouse, from the open door and windows of which now came the fragrant odors of steaming flapjacks and hoecakes and pennyroyal tea.

"You are late, Nathan," said his mother, who was just pouring a cup of the hot drink.

"Yes, mother, I know I am, but there was a good deal to see, and I couldn't seem to get away."

"Anything new at old Ti?" asked Mr. Beman.

"Nothing particular, father, only they've got a barber there."

"A what?"

"A barber, a man who cuts hair and shaves you. The soldiers were all being shaved; it was fun to see some of them wince and squirm."

"Did you see the commandant?"

"Yes, Captam de la Place bought the chickens and eggs himself, and took me to his room to pay me. He told me, mother that he did not get such nice eggs as yours anywhere else."

Mrs. Beman smiled with pleased vanity. "Well I keep good hens and feed them well, and I always sell my eggs fresh," she said.

"Yes, mother," said her husband, "and you make more money from your poultry than I do from my farm. However, we've always worked together. But, Nathan, you are thoughful. What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I was thinking how easy old Ti could be taken," answered Nathan.

"Capture old Ti!" exclaimed his father, why, lad, the thing's impossible. Abercrombie lost two thousand men in '78, and young Lord Howe was killed, I wasn't ten feet from him when he fell. The fort's impregnable But what in the world put the thought in your head? Who is there to take it."

"I don't know, father, but ever since we heard of the battle of Lexington between the redcoats and our farmers, I have been thinking how old Ti might be taken. You don't know how careless they are. There were no sentinels on duty this afternoon, and the soldiers were drinking and gambling."

"That may be, but Ticonderoga isn't a gal to be taken by the first wooer. 'Twould be a great stroke for liberty, but no, no, there's nobody to do it." And Farmer Beman, who was a thoroughly patriotic American, shook his head firmly.

But as the former and Nathan were milking the cows that night, tramp, tramp, tramp, came the sound of many feet, and rising with their filled pails to see what the matter might be, they saw the road filled with more than three hundred armed men.

"They are not redcoats, but who can they be?" asked the elder Beman with honest surprise.

He was answered by the appearance of two officers of rank—one a large, tall man of Herculean cast, dressed in high heavy boots, buff breeches and waistcoat, and a high collared white shagcoat; the other a slighter man, but well made and of noble bearing, whose garments were richer and more fashionable in their cut. Both were on horse back and wore swords, epaulettes and other insignia of rank.

"As I'm alive, its Colonel Ethan Allen!" exclaimed Farmer Beman, addressing the colossal figure.

"And you are Ebenezer Beman," cried the famous Green Mountain hero. "This is Colonel Arnold, and we are on our way to take old Ti."

"You must be mad, Colonel Allen," cried the farmer aghast. "General Abercrombie had fifteen thousand men and failed.',

"But I am not General Abercrombie, nor does insaunity run in my family," answered Allen, sturdily. "Yonder fort will be in the hands of free men to-morrow morning, or Ethen Allen will be no more among the living."

Young Nathan Bemam stood looking with all his eyes upon the stalwart figure of the Green Mountain hero, who to him was the personification of everything great and glorious in the word. The looks of Arnold he did not like as well, he had a reckless air and a proud, contemptuous expression of countenance, but those flashing eyes and sinister lips did not then foretell the ill fame that was to come to this brave and gifted man.

"I suppose you have made provision for boats to transport your troops across the lake, Colonel Allen," said the farmer.

"I have sent a party to secure what boats they could above here and another party has gone to Skenesboro, but I trusted to find certain craft at this place," answered Allen. Could I have been misinformed?"

"There is an excellent scow a half-mile above here, and there are a dozen skiffs down yonder that you are welcome to?"

"And now, Mr. Beman," said Allen, bending upon him the steady gaze of his stern blue eyes, "do you know of any one that we can depend on as a guide, some one that knows all about the fort and its approaches? I wish to avoid if possible any danger from the salute of a chance of grapeshot or canister from the wide-mouthed war dogs of old Ti."

"I don't know of any one that knows old Ti better than my son Nathan here. He goes over there as often as once a week."

"And can you, young man, conduct us to the fort and show us the way to the commandant's quarters? Are you sure you can do it?" Colonel Allen's voice was stern and decisive, for it was an important task that was required, and the person that served him must not fail him.

"I know the fort as well as I know our house yonder," declared Nathan boldly.

"I've been all over it by daylight, sir, and I think I could find my way over it by night."

"And do you know where the commandant's quarters are?" inquired Arnold.

"I've been there a dozen times, sir, and should know the place blindfolded," answered the lad.

"Then you are the boy for us," returned the other. "Colonel Allen, if we get the boats, the morning sun will see the red flag of England pulled down from yonder ramparts."

"Aye, and we will hope that it will never float there again," responded Allen, solemnly.

During the next few hours the soldiers were busy gathering the boats of the neighborhood, and it was a little after midnight that Allen and Arnold and about eighty of the troops crossed to the western shore of the lake. The boats they expected from Skenesboro and Panton did not arrive, but neither of the great leaders dared delay any longer. In the last boat that crossed went Nathan Beman, the boy guide of the expedition.

After landing their passengers the boats were sent back for another load, while their companions waited on the shore of the lake. It was a soft May night, bright with starlight. The frogs kept up their chorus through all the night hours, and at intervals the sharp call of the whippoorwill sounded a diapason. The first streak of the dawn appeared in the east.

Ethan Allen gazed anxiously across the lake.

"It will never do to wait for the boats to return," he muttered. "Daylight will soon be here, and if the garrison espy us we are lost."

Delay was indeed hazardous, and the two commanders resolved to proceed to the attack at once.

The men were accordingly drawn up in three ranks upon the shore, and in a few brief words Allen told them of his determination. Then placing himself at their head, he called to Nathan Beman.

"Conduct us to the sally port, and mind that you do not run into any unnecessary danger."

The boy guide looked up into the face of his superior officer with a firm, brave glance. "I am not afraid, sir, and perhaps God will fight for us."

"God will fight for us," cried the Green Mountain hero, clasping Nathan's hand. "Forward, men, in the name of the Lord!"

Slowly and silently the little troop advanced. The vast bulk of the fortress rose dark and frowning above them. No sound came from the walls. The band of light in the east had broadened into a great, glowing belt of radiance.

Up within twenty paces of the entrance gate they marched before their presence was discovered. The surprised sentinel gazed in mute astonishment and alarm for an instant; then raising his musket he levelled it full at the towering figure of Allen. Luckily the weapon missed fire, and as he turned to flee the patriots followed him.

"This way," cried Nathan, running under a covered walk within the walls.

In a brief time the rushing column of Americans swept like a whirlwind into the parade in front of the barracks, where they gave three thundering cheers that made the old walls tremble, and roused the sleeping garrison from their beds in wild dismay at the unwonted sound. Filing off in two divisions, the patriots formed a line of forty men along each of the two ranges of barracks, so that the soldiers of the fortress were made prisoners as fast as they arrived upon the scene.

"Now, Nathan, lead me to Captain de la Place's room," commanded Allen, sword in hand.

Up the stairway sprung the boy and the great leader, and in another moment the hero's sword was banging away upon the commander's door.

Captain de la place came to the door, his clothes in his hand, but when he saw the majestic form of Allen, he stood amazed and speechless.

"I demand the immediate surrender of this fort, Captain de la Place!" cried Allen.

"But by whose authority do you make this bold demand of his Majesty's fortress?" asked the commandant, scarcely realizing the situation, which was no wonder.

"In the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress," replied Allen in a tone that could not be gainsaid. De la Place relinquished his sword and the capture was complete.

The spoil that fell into the hands of the victors consisted of one hundred and twenty pieces of iron cannon, fifty swivels, ten tons of musket balls, three cartloads of flints, a lot of gunpowder, a fine array of muskets and a large quantity of other stores, all of which proved of incalculable benefit to the patriot army near Boston.

As the sun rose up over the green hills of Vermont, Nathan Beman stood beside Allen and Arnold on the ramparts of Ticonderoga, while British cannon were pealing forth their deep-mouthed thunder to the reverberating mountains—the proclamation of vitory.

"God has indeed fought for us," said Allen solemnly, as he placed his hand upon the boy guide's shoulder.

"Aye, and it is the first triumph of young freedom over the arms of her haughty oppressor," cried the future hero of Quebec and Saratoga.

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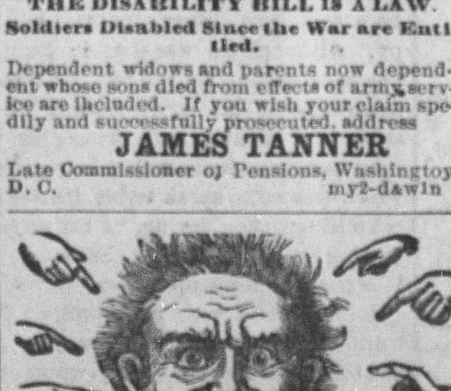

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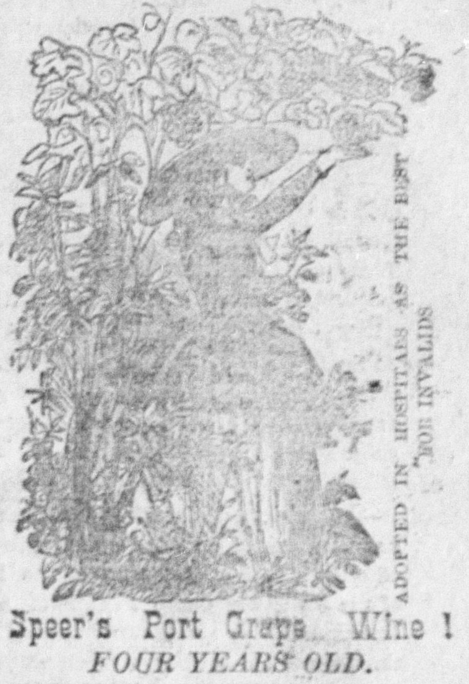
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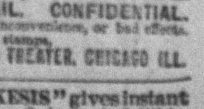
BEATTY Pianos $140, Organs $33. Want agst Cat'lg free Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N. J. 23 19 4t

FAT FOLKS REDUCED Mrs. L. M. Campbell Argyle, Wis., says: The accompanying statement of my weight and measurements will show the results of five months' treatment.



	Before.	After.	Loss.
Weight	230 lbs	155 lbs	75 lbs
Bust....	43 in.	33 in.	10 in.
Waist..	42 in.	31 in.	11 in.
Hips....	53 in.	40 in.	13 in.

PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL.
Harmless, and with no starving, inconvenience, or bad effects.
For particulars address, with 6 cents in stamps,
DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, M'VICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO ILL.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

Bellefonte Republican,

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—No communications published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—There is no Republican that will dispute the fact that James G. Blaine is the strongest candidate the party can put in the field.

—If you want a square meal call at the restaurant of William Eminhizer, on High street. You can get a good meal at from 10 to 25 cents. Call and see.

—Mrs. Orris, of Milesburg, died yesterday morning at 9 o'clock. As we go to press Wednesday afternoon we cannot give full particulars. Will publish fuller details next week.

—Prof. D. M. Wolfe's school at Spring Mills is progressing prosperously; his friends claim it is one of the best schools in the State. It is a pity that Prof Wolfe's eyesight is failing.

—The ice cream and strawberry festival held in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A. all day and evening on Monday was quite well patronized, and the Association thus realized a goodly sum.

—Invitations are out announcing the marriage of Archibald Allison to Miss Rachel Humes, both of Bellefonte, on Tuesday evening. June 9, at the house of the bride's mother on Allegheny St.

—The fence Col. W. H. Wilkinson has so long been talking about is at last almost completed; it is going to be a great improvement. The colonel is getting there and will soon have one of the most attractive homes in town·

—The members of the Zion band in their new uniforms of ecru brown cloth presented quite a nobby appearance at the head of the Bellefonte Camp P. O. S. of A. on Decoration day; and it really seemed as if their music was sweeter, if such a thing is possible with the Zion band.

—The bicycle race that was to have come off on Decoration-day was postponed on account of the bad condition of the roads. The weather and roads being favorable the race will be run on Saturday. June 11. This is the race the *Gazette* chronicles as to occur on the Fourth of July.

—The firm of Jenkins & Lingle entertained the firemen at breakfast at Garmans Hotel after the fire on Wednesday morning of last week; also furnished them with sandwiches during the early morning while the fire was in progress. In return the boys did very effective work in saving the machine shops.

—We learn that W. I. Fleming, Esq. of Bellefonte, has been appointed Grand Marshal of the Grand Commandery of Knight Templars. Mr. Fleming has many friends and is often sought to fill positions of honor and trust. He is qualified for his new position and will perform its duties with honor and credit.

—Rev. W. O. Wright assisted by Rev M O Noll and Rev J Zeigler officiated a the funeral of John M. Wagner of Milesburg, last week Thursday Morning at ten oclock. The son's in law of Mr Wagner acted as pall bearers, Viz., John Keichline Peter Leichline, Frank Weaver, James Weaver, John M Wallace, James Williams

—Last week, Monday, a house occupied by a Hungarian out at Valentine's works, was broken into by thieves who, after rumaging over the premises scattering the contents of trunks, etc., over the floor found eighty dollars in a trunk with which they decamped. No clue to the perpetrators of this outrage has so far been obtained.

—T J Moore, of Howard, is at present engaged in cutting the timber from 18 acers located at the Curtin lands. He keeps four teams busy all the time carrying lumber to the market. He is supplying the Lock Haven paper mills with wood, also furnishing many ties for the rail road. He is a pushing business man and we hope will make money.

—The game of ball which was to have been played in this place on Tuesday between the Clearfield and Bellefonte teams, was postponed because the ball grounds in Keystone Park were not yet completed. The first game now of the Mountain League to be played in Bellefonte will be on next Wednesday, the 8th, when the Tyroners will be here and cross bats with the home term.

—Mr. J. W. Tillard, who has been in town for about two weeks endeavoring to organize a lodge of improved order of Heptasophs, has succeeded in obtaining the number of names necessary to obtain a charter and a Conclave was instituted last Friday evening in the rooms of Gregg Post, G. A. R. About thirty-five persons became members. The following officers were elected: Past Archon, J. W. Alexander; Archon, J S McCarger; Provost, Moyer Lyon; Prelate, H K Hoy, M D Secretary, H H Harshberger; Financier, F E Naginey; Treasurer, C C Shuey; Inspector, W R Brachbill; Warder, Charles Levan, Sentinel, J M Lieb; Trustees, A C Mingle, Jno. Sourbeck. Jas. I McClure. After the services the members enjoyed a banquet at Achenbachs. Speeches were made by visiting brothers and others. All enjoyed themselves and were satisfied. The next meeting of the lodge was held on Wednesday evening, June 1.

DECORATION DAY.

How It Was Celebrated in Bellefonte on Monday.

Decoration day was ushered in with the rain descending but, fortunately it soon stopped and the sun shone beautifully, making one of the most pleasant days imaginable. The usual preparations were made during the forenoon and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the parade formed and moved in the following order:

Pleasant Gap band; carriage containing Gen J. P. S. Gobin, Ex-Gov. Curtin and James H. Rankin; Company B; Gregg Post; Zion Band; The two Camps of P. O. S. of A., of Bellefonte and Valentine's Works.

The usual route of parade was taken after which the column moved up Howard street to the cemetery, followed by a vast crowd to witness the exercises in that place. The column formed the usual hollow square and the dedicatory exercises gone through with, Commander Brandon, Col. Keller, R. D. Irvin and James H. Rankin repeating the sentences as they placed flowers on the four graves.

A double quartet rendered two beautiful seclections after which prayer was offered by Rev. J. A. Woodcock. The comrades then joined in universally decorating all soldiers graves after which at the call of the bugle all assembled to hear the address by Gen. Gobin. Under the command of Lieut Reeder a squad of Company B. fired a salute, after which the column reformed and marched back to the diamond where it was dismissed.

IN MEMORY OF JAMER MORRISON.

We gladly comply with a request to publish the following tribute to the memory of Mr. James Morrison, who died at the home of his son and son-in-law a few days ago, written by a friend who knew and loved him well. While we perpetuate his memory in county history and on monument of stone, yet even these shall not be more enduring than the memories inscribed on the tablets of loving hearts. James Morrison lives in the hearts of his friends: Mr. James Morrison, a former citizen of Worth township, died at the home of his son Galer Morrison, in Bellefonte, on Sunday, May 15, 1892, at 9:27 p. m., aged 66 years, 11 months and 14 days. He was born in Worth township, Centre county, Pa., on the 31st day of May, 1825, where he spent most of his life, part of the time farming, and some times engaged at other kinds of labor, always doing something to earn an honest living. When a young man, he was engaged for a short time in teaching school, and among his pupils now living are ex-Sheriff D. W. Woodring and ex-Prothonotary Aaron Williams.

Mr. Morrison sometimes taught singing school for the benefit of the community in which he lived. But finding that the confinement of the school room was injurious to his health, he engaged in more active out door works. He helped to grade the B. E. V. R. R. and afterwards worked on the railroad till 1868, when his health failed.

Brother Morrrison was a highly respected and worthy citizen, honest in all his dealings with his fellow men, kind and generous, often lending a helping hand to the needy, He was a good neighbor, an affectionate husband and a kind father.

James Morrison was united in marriage with Sarah Jane Gill, October 3, 1858. Their married life was a very happy one. His wife preceded him to their home in heaven, about nine years. They had two children, both now living in Bellefonte. Galer is County Recorder, and Mary is the wife of J. W. Rightaour, and with her husband is keeping house with Galer.

Best of all, brother Morrison was a Christian. He exemplified that noble trait, humility, which is one of the first elements of a Christian character. He was an humble man who did not court the applause and flattery of the world, but rather loved a quiet and retired life, freed from the glitter and show of the fashionable world, For several years previous to his death, brother Morrison was an invalid. During the last two years of his life, it was my pleasure to visit him several times in his home. I say a pleasure, because he was always contented and happy. Although he was shut in from the natural sunshine yet the Son of Righteousness shone in his soul' chasing all the shadows of sin away and causing his very countenance to beam with a holy radiance which seemed to speak to his friends in a celestial language, saying, "I am patiently waiting for my heavenly Father to say: It is enough, come up higher."

A little over a year ago, brother Morrison left our quiet little town of Port Matilda, with his son Galer, whose business as County Recorder, called him to Bellefonte. There, in the home of his only and beloved son, he sojourned for a few short months. He was never permitted to return to the scenes of his boyhood days, but with that meekness and patience, which characterized him through life, he waited until Sunday, May 15, 1892, when from a home where he was loved as only a true father can be, from an earthly home where everything possible was done to lengthen his life, he was borne by the angels, to his heavenly home to meet loved ones who had preceded him to that beautiful city where there is no death. "For God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 17· A short service was held at the late residence of the deceased on Bishop street, in Bellefonte, after which County Treasurer J. J. Gramley, ex-Prothonator Aaron Williams, and Esq., D. F. Fortney, W. C, Heinle, John Keichline, and Samuel Foster acting as pall-bearers, placed the remains in the hearse which carried them to the depot, while the relatives and near friends of the deceased were taken in carriages. On the arrival of the 11:17 a. m. train at Port Matilda, Undertaker S. R. Pringle took charge of the corpse. Thomas Weston, Martin Cowher, John Daughenbough, William Lewis, Alexander Chaney, and Graffius Weston, old neighbors of the deceased, acted as pall bearers, proceeding then to the M. E. church in Port Matilda, where funeral services were held. His pastor Rev. J. C. Young preached from the text, "Let me die the death of the righteous; and let my last end be like his!" Rev. W. A. Jackson made a very appropriate address, after which his body was borne followed by many mourning friends, to Black Oak cemetery, where it was laid beside that of his dear wife, to rest in peace, until the angle Gabriel shall sound the trumpet announcing that time shall be no more. Then his soul and body shall be reunited and made like unto the glorious body of Jesus, to be forever with the Lord in that beautiful home beyond the stars, which God has prepared for all them that love and serve Him,

A FRIEND.

DIED SUDDENLY.

At the Fountain House, Bellefonte, of heart disease, Mrs. Emanuel Brown, aged 60 years, 7 months and 12 days.

On Saturday, May 28, during the afternoon and early part of the evening Mrs. Brown appeared to be as well as usual. About 8 o'clock she went to the store kept by her husband on Allegheny St. Returning at half past eight she sat in the office for a while talking pleasantly then arose, started for the hall no doubt feeling ill. She called her daughter Jennie who was on the porch and hurried to her aid. A Miss Campbell, from Milesburg, was in the house and assisted. Dr. Geo. Harris was hurriedly sent for; he came and while he was preparing a prescription Mrs. Brown expired in the arms of Miss Campbell. She leaves a husband and four children, viz., Mrs. J. A. Fiedler, T. Clayton Brown, Jennie Brown, of Bellefonte, and Mr. John W. Brown of Pleasnt Gap.

To these children and to this husband this sudden taking off is a terrible affliction but an hour ago this faithful wife and mother was moving among them in comparative health and strength; in almost a moment she is gone and they are plunged into the deepest sorrow and gloom, a grief so touching that words seem useless for consolation.

Those that knew her well say she was a noble, generous hearted woman, who performed every duty to which she was called with faithful exactness. She was a faithful member of the Lutheran church, a working christian in the army of the Lord, and earnestly desired and worked for the completion of the church to be built in this place. She will be sadly missed at her home, in her church and by all who knew her. A vacant place is left that no one else can fill

The funeral was Tuesday afternoon at half past two. She was laid to rest in the Union cemetery.

WEAVER—At Aaronsburg, Saturday, May 21, of congestion of the lungs, Mrs. Susanna Weaver, wife of Aaron D. Weaver, aged 53 years, 11 months and 18 days, Mrs Weaver's maiden name was Susanna Krape, she was the daughter of William and Susanna Krape, was born at Spring Mills, this county, June 3, 1838. She was married to Aaron D. Weaver, December 28, 1854. The young people commenced housekeeping soon after about one mile east of Aaronsburg at the home of Mr. Weaver's parents. The union was blessed with two sons and two daughters, and two sons and one daughter, are still living. She has been a consistent member of the Lutheran church for 39 years having joined that organization in January, 1853. The funeral took place on Tuesday, May 24, from the house. A large assemblage of relations and friends attending. Rev. A. G. Wolf, paster of the Lutheran church, of which she was a member officiated.

For twelve years she had borne disease with a patient, christain spirit and when the end came it found her ready and waiting. She has lived the faith she has died in, the Lord; her reward shall be a glorious immortality· Let her example be followed by others so that when their time shall come to join the innumerable host that move to the bosom of the earth they may wrap the drapery of their couch about them and lay down to pleasant dreams.

GROVER'S BOOM.

The Cleveland boom at present is
Enjoying life in clover,
And if it keeps on growing it
Will be as fat as Grover.

Indiana Democrats every now and then break out in chorus: Ta-ra-ra boom-the-Gray!

FROM THE OLD TIMES.

Teacher—"Who was Cæsar talking about when he said the man was fit for treason, stratagem, and spoils?"

Likely Scholar—"I ain't sure, but it sounds like he was talking about some Democrat or other."

TWO MORE FIRES.

One at Milesburg and Another at Benore, This County.

Last Wednesday evening just after the REPUBLICAN had gone to press the citizens of Bellefonte were excited over an alarm that the town of Milesburg was all on fire and likely to be entirely consumed. The Coronet Hook & Ladder company and the Logans with their steamer answered a call for help and hurried to the assistance of the Milesburgers. On arrival there it was found that two buildings were entirely consumed and two more were in flames. By prompt and efficient work the fire was controlled after the destruction of the four buildings, as follows: John Miles' store, over which was the Odd Fellow's hall, residence of Wm. Grassmire and that of W. E. Confer, and an unoccupied store room belonging to Gen. Beaver. The entire loss would foot up probably ten thousand dollars on which there was an insurance of $5.300.

THE FIRE AT SCOTIA.

On Sunday morning a lamp exploded in the dwelling house connected with the storeroom at Scotia occupied by Hoover & Emerick and before the flames could be extinguished the large double building, with all its contents, was reduced to ashes. Loss about $5,000 on which there was an insurance of $2,500.

RAN AWAY.

On Tuesday evening of last week Mr. George Hazel, a young man who works for John Yearick on his farm just east of Bellefonte, was driving a horse and cart along Bishop street and had reached a point near to the blacksmith shop of C. Shrock where some boys were playing ball when one of the boys threw a base ball bat under the horses feet frightening the animal so that it became unmanageable running furiously. When the animal reached Allegheny street the driver attempted to turn up the hill but in making the turn the horse was going so fast and yielded so reluctantly to the bit that it ran on to the pavement and steps of Aiken's music store. When the wheels struck the curbstone the concussion was so violent that the driver was thrown over the horse's head into the street and the horse thrown down on the steps at its very entrance. Fortunately the young man escaped with slight injury; the horse was badly cut on the fore legs and may be permanently lame. The horse and cart was the property of Mr. John Yearick. It is said to be a spirited and valuable animal. The throwing of the bat under the horse is said by many to have been malicious mischief on the part of the boy. If this be true an example should be made of him, for such an act was cruel in the extreme and one who would recklessly endanger, not only property but human life, should be taught a lesson that he would never forget.

HARMONIZED MELODIES.

We have received from F. Trifet, 408 Washington street, Boston, Mass., a new music book entitled, "Harmonized Melodies." It is not often, in these latter days, that a new music book can be compiled to suit the tastes of modern singers, but in "Harmonied Melodies" Charles D. Blake, the arranger, and F. Trifet, the publisher, have produced a book, at an expense of thousands of dollars for copyrights, etc., that canot fail to win popular favor at the outset. Containing, as it does, 256 pages and over 400 pieces of the choicest music, considerable of which is new and all of it being the *creme de la creme* of song, there is no cause to wonder at the suddenness with which this book has sprung into popular favor. No collection of music is complete without it; and at the very low price at which it is sold there is no reason why ever lover of music should not possess a copy. Price, in paper covers, 60 cents; in boards $1.00. Sent postpaid on receipt of price.

—On Saturday night policeman Garis, after a somewhat hard tussle, succeeded in capturing and lodging in jail the somewhat notorious Hen. Pennington who, as our readers will doubtless remember, is the scamp that, while serving out a sentence imposed for criminal assault on a little girl, in company with one Tims about a year ago broke jail and escaped, and never had been heard of since until he made his appearance at Blackford's restaurant Saturday night where he was caught. A reward of $10 had been offered by Sheriff Ishler for his recovery and now policeman Garis claims the reward. Now if some one should have such good luck in capturing Tims and Wilson, the murderer of Harry Waterhouse, Centre county could then clean up its record of escaped and unpunished criminals.

—Decoration day now being over the next on the program will be the Fourth of July, which is just four weeks from next Monday off. On that day Bellefonte will again be in it for a big celebration to be held under the auspices of the P. O. S. of A. Over one hundred invitations were sent to neighboring camps and it is likely the most of them will be accepted. This will bring fully five thousand strangers and anywhere from twenty-five to fifty bands to Bellefonte on that day and make a parade over one mile long. Let the eagle scream.

—The *Keystone Gazette* is for the renomination of Harrison. The postmaster editors all over the country are unanimous in this respect. This gives force to what we said last week, viz.: The desire of office holders for the renomination of the present incumbent should not weigh against the firm conviction of the party leaders backed up by the wishes of nine-tenths of the Republican voters. Give us the strongest man.

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

J. A. Woodcock, of East Linn street, is building a beatiful stone fence in front of his residence. It is a first class job and will be a valuable improvement to his property.

Mr. David Glenn, who during the past few months has filled the position of inspector at Eby's distillery at Woodward, came up to Bellefonte on Saturday night and spent Decoration day in town.

Miss Doran of Lock Haven, who is teaching a number of music pupils in this city proposes to form a class in vocal culture. She is a graduate of one of the finest Consevratories of music, and is ranked among the best musicans of Central Pennsylvania. See local else were in this paper.

Dr. Henry J. Tressler called upon us this week and left with us some money on subscription. The Dr. says "business in his line is good." He is one of the best horse and cattle doctors in Centre county; and his reputation is spreading to other counties. He often has calls from a long distance to attend valuable horses that are sick, and meets with unparelled success in attending them. Owners of valuable stock cannot do better than call Dr. Tressler in case of need. His address is Bellefonte, Pa.

Rev. A. A. Black, of the Reformed church, pastor of the churches included in the circuit embracing the societies at Boalsburg, Pine Hall, Pine Grove Mills and Houserville, was surprised by a surprise party conducted by Mrs. Dr. Fisher and others last Thursday evening. About seventy persons were present and brought with them numerous presents of things necessary to supply a well provisioned larder, among which were twenty six bushels of corn and oats for his horse. The good parson was astonished beyond measure at this onslaw of friends showering upon him such a flood of the fruit of the land and hardly knew what to say. W. A. Trostle, of the Lutheran church, made a short address to which Rev. Black responded. The Boalsburg band serenaded, the young ladies served refreshments and all went merry as a marriage bell.

MCGINLEY—HAMILTON.

Last week, Thursday evening, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. John A. McGinley was united in marriage to Miss Effie J. Hamilton, both of Bellefonte.

Before seven o'clock the wedding guests had assembled at the house of Mr. and Mrs. James Hamilton, on Willow Bank street. The house was a scene of beauty, fair women and brave men were there assembled and beautiful flowers lent their charm to the festive scene. Miss Tripple performed a wedding march; Mr. Charles Noll acted as groomsman with Miss Lizzie Hamilton as bridesmaid. Rev. W. A. Houck, of the Methodist church, assisted by Rev. Koontz, of the Evangelical, performed the service that bound two loving hearts in a life long union. After the ceremoney until ten o'clock joyous congratulations music and songs were indulged in. The bride and groom then entered a carriage and were taken to their home on East Lamb street. Among the beautiful presents given were the following:

Silver knives and forks from Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Colloridge, of Scranton; carving knife and fork, Mrs. Pierce, of Conneaut, Pa; table linen, Benner Waddle, of Jersey Shore; table linen, Mr and Mrs W S Tripple; knives and forks, Philip McGinley napkins, Mr and Mrs McGinley; carving knife and fork, and table linen, S D Ray, Eeq., and wife; towels, Miss Mary Newell; towels, Misses Carrie and Birdie Noll; tablespoons, Chas Noll; dinner napkins, Mr and Mrs John Noll; Marseilles bed spread, Mr and Mrs L A Sheaffer; same, Mrs. Mary Griffith; bed room suit, Mr. and Mrs James Hamilton; tin ware of all descriptions, Mr and Mrs Clayton Brown; chamber set, very complete, Mr and Mrs Linn McGinley; pickle castor, Mr and Mrs Thomas Moore; dinner napkins, Mr and Mrs A Hamilton; towels, Lizzie and Hannah Hamilton; silver sugar spoon, Mrs. Hann, of Middlesex, Mercer county, Pa.; sugar spoon, Miss Mollie Chaney; fruit dish, Mrs. Sarah Williams; china bread plate, Mrs. Mary Williams; fruit dish, Miss Maggie Swaney; same, Ada Shuey; vase for flowers, Miss Rilla Williams; set of china dishes, very handsome and containing 130 pieces, Mrs. S H Williams and Mrs. Satterfield; cup and saucer, Mrs. Fillman, Jersey Shore; French clock, F C Williams and H Tillie Williams; handsome silk handkerchief, Mrs. R W Jackson, of Middlesex.

THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTED FLOWERS TO DECORATE THE GRAVES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

In accordance with the promise made by committee of Gregg Post G. A. R. we print the names of the young folks who contributed flowers for decoration day. We trust we have not omitted a name if we have it is a mistake we will gladly correct. The following are names of contributors; Daniel Keller, Saml McClure, Lawrence McClure, Terrance Morrison, Chas Knapp, Merril Knapp, Roy Bosner, Willis Toot, Howard Gregg, Miss Alice Walter, Blanche Jacobs, Leonard Anderson, Maurice Baum, Carrie Anderson, Chas Anderson, Harry Baum, Clara Kase, Ellen Kase, Harry Auman, Frank Miller John Barry, Mardie Barlet; David Barlet. Crace Barlet, Lawrence Hoover, Blanche Reed, Maud Reed, Minnie Kase, Dorsey Stine, and Jerry Stine, of Fillmore, Mabel Purdue, Wm T Purdue, W H Taylor, Frank Eckenroth, Paul Jones, Ida Young Harry Larimer, Henry Thomas, John Whippo, Robt Setteral, Austin Thomas, Walter Armstrong, John Armstrong, Isabella Clark, Frank McGinnis, Will McGinnis, Will Clark, Frank Clark, Harry Smith Luther Smith, Harry Lingle, Katie Jones, Ellie Jones, Alice Ishler, Freddie Schrock Albert Schrock, Emma Schrock, Sallie Martz Claire Q Saylor Sadie Kase, Lida Moore, Annie Kase, Bella Garbrick, Adaline, Lyon, Nettie Bair, Helen Bair, Annabel Conover, Rebecca Foulk, Della Foulk, Adaline Olewine, Ivy Martz, Sallie Fitzgerald, Helen Musser, Jessie Etters, Paul Etters, David Etters, Jr., Katie, Fisher, Myra McGinnis, Fred Chambers, Wade Cruse, Philip Weaver, Ralph Harshberger, Harry Smith, Mamie McGarvey, Blanche McGarvey, Jennie Bumbarger, Wardie Willard, Catharine Kase, Ruth Kase, Violet Longacre, Sue Weaver, Willie Garis, Julia Bidwell, Stella Brossius, Earl Achenbach, Mary Whippo, Bessie Baney, Mamie Hill, Annie Bosner, Maud Cruse, Eddie Cruse, Charlie Foreman, Lulu Cox, Norman Grauer, Arthur Grauer Bruce Underwood. Elsie Bidwell, Viola Robb, Mina Robb, Emma Bryant, Sallie Garis, Mary Stewart, Lizzie Stewart, Robert Patterson, Jas Lose, Clayton Fulton, Willie Conover, Walter Fulton, Minnie McPherson, Gracie Speary, Maggie Underwood, Blanche Smith, Arthur Smith Hattie Wagner, Mary Baney, Fannie Baney, Tom Penington, John Wagner, Clara Williams 2, Cleo McPherson, Arthur Harper, Rachael Thomas, Florence Wian, Maria Thomas, Mary Cruse, Helen Harper Charlie Scott, Jennie Koontz, Mary Young Clarence Osmer, James Lowry, Bella Lowry, Ella Sellars, Florence Lowry, Lee Adams, Jessie Derstine, Merril Showers, James Gault, Wallace Gephart 2, Minnie Tate, Mary Reamer. Lee Walker, Ollie McElhatten, Frankie Gentzel, Jerry Fasic Joseph Fasic, Hrrie Ishler, Rufus Martz, Geo Potter, Geo Love, Effie Walker, Mitchell Walder, James Parson, Harrison Sourbeck, Minnie Reasner. Grace Harman John Erhard, Gertrude Erhard, Jeannette Erhard, James Graham, Joseph Graham, Carrie Miller, Amy Haines, Rosa Johnston, Millie Kelley, Ada Johnston, John Spiller, Minnie Saylor, Piney Watson, Lula Rote, Tillie Whippo, Edmond Hayes Lillie Ward, Bella Ward, Rosetta Washburn, Bertha V Gunsallus. Other miscellaneous contributors were: Miss Lula Walter, basket and boquet; A V Hamilton August Young, Maggie Shutt, each a basket of flowers; Ottie Hughes, snow balls; Wm Temple of Snow Shoe, large box of honeysuckle, lilacs and dogwood blossoms; Bernice Shuey, wreath and boquet, Adaline Garis, a cross; Charlie Cox, May flowers; Frank Eckenroth, basket of flowers, Mrs George White, 3 boquets and 2 wreaths; Mrs A Lukenbach, pansies: Mrs Henry Bartley, pansies; Mattie, Lizzie, Bertha, Laura and Saboa Faxon, basket of flowers; Mac and Catharine Heinle, a basket of flowers; Stella Gault, a cross; Helen Schaffer, a cross and boquet; Ethel Bathurst, handsome cross, Charles Bathurst, wreath Fannie Knisely, wreath; Bertha Gentzel, wreath; Myra Carson, cross; Mrs F Peebles Green and Ida wreath and cross; R Bell, wreath, James Harshberger, boquet.

MUSIC CULTURE'

Miss Doran desires to form a class in vocal culture and sight reading for beginners and advanced pupils, Pure Italian Method taught. Also a number of private pupils in vocal and instrumental. Apply at residence of Mrs Jonathan Harper, Linn street, on Friday, June 3, between 6 and 8 oclock P M.

LETTER LIST

Following are the letters uncalled for in the post-office, Bellefonte, Pa., June 13, 1892.

J. M. Berlinger, William Gerster, Clara Miller, Mrs Amanda Park, Bessie Swartz, Robert B. Ward.

When called for please say advertised.

J. A. FIEDLER, P. M.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE